

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES "MEDIUM"

It's the Tobacco that Counts

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It's the Tobacco that Counts

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[NCC 855A]



Pincer movement

Over a million pairs of pincers and pliers moved out of this country last year. With them went nearly five million files, as many assorted axes, and two thousand tons of hacksaw blades and twist drills.

These export figures for tools are a few out of many. They give some small idea of the world-wide demand for British-made steel products. Last year Britain's toolmakers alone earned £18 million for Britain.

Wherever there is steel there is British steel.

British steel leads the world

THE BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION



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by ANDES★ (26,000 tons) and ALCANTARA (23,000 tons) with stay on board in Buenos Aires.

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the way to winter sunshine
—with sunshine all the way



AUGUST

SILLY SEASON

It is highly suspicious that it was in August that the Captain and Crew of HMS *Daedalus* saw a sea-serpent. August is traditionally the month of strange reports in newspapers supposedly put together by second-eleven journalists. The story is that all the responsible newspapermen—editors, assistant editors and so on—are away yachting or shooting grouse, and a shadow staff of credulous and scoop-happy “cubs” are putting out Fleet Street’s newspapers. Sea-serpents, lorry-drivers buried under ten tons of eggs, Old Etonian Turks attaining incredible ages, Moscow’s claim to have invented whisky, flying saucers . . . We are relaxed in August, even if not actually on holiday. And we become used to travellers’ tales from our own friends, too. We receive those occasional postcards with gay foreign stamps (insufficient generally) with the word *Angleterre*, *Inghilterra* or whatever, variously mis-spelt, under our own very English-sounding address. Abroad, with time on their idiot hands, a belief that they can speak the local *patois*, and a determination to make us stay-at-homes envious, our friends write and tell us of local customs and Customs, food and drink, weather and the price of butter and bull-fights. Their postcards get no answer from us. In time they answer themselves. But they have been a not unpleasant part of the Silly Season, and, if we go abroad ourselves, we inflict such postcards on others.



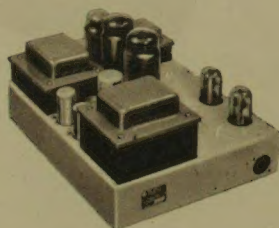
The Midland Bank only “goes abroad” in the sense that it has branches on board the great Cunard liners. It has, however, ensured continuity of service for its globe-trotting customers by making working arrangements with more than 16,000 overseas banking institutions.

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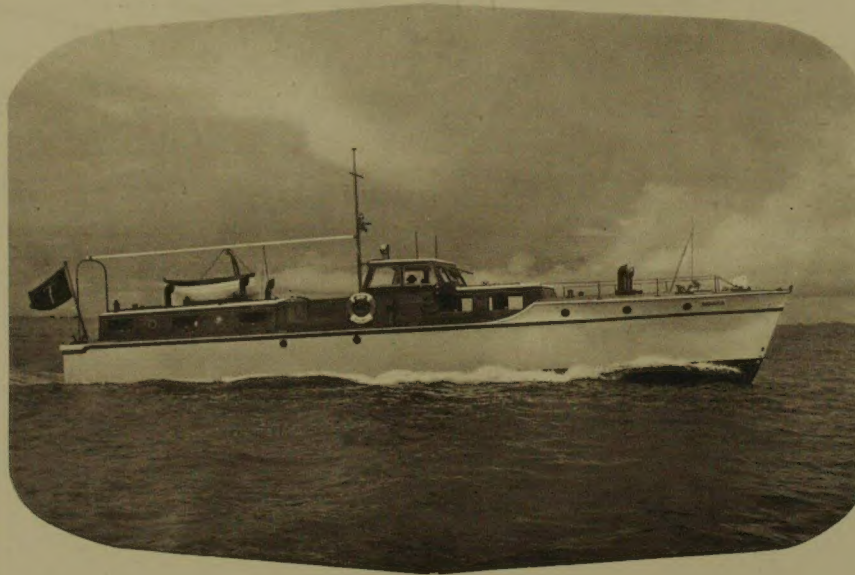
Come along to Imhof’s — Britain’s ‘Hi-Fi’ specialists, and judge for yourself: that’s the best way. In our showrooms here you can compare all the finest ‘Hi-Fi’ instruments available . . . so call in when you are in town!

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The original FOUR SQUARE Vintage blends are back!

DOBIE OF PAISLEY are pleased to announce that their Original Vintage Blends are available to discerning pipe smokers once again.

Four Square Tobaccos are back to pre-war quality, free from stalk and manufactured with the inherited skill of the master-craftsmen who have served the independent House of Dobie for 150 years. In spite of rising costs and the use of none but the most costly grades of leaf, they are still the least expensive of good tobaccos.

Four Square smokers of long standing will remember their pre-war qualities and be anxious to smoke them again—but to the post-war pipe man, Four Square Vintage Blends will come as a new and delightful experience.

Ask for the blend of your choice by the colour of the squares

RED ::

Finest Virginia tobacco in broken flake form

BLUE ::

An aromatic blend of pure Virginia and Oriental leaf

each of the above 4/7½d per 1 oz. vacuum tin

YELLOW ::

A choice blend of Virginia-type tobaccos in broken flake form

GREEN ::

A rich, satisfying blend of fine Oriental and Virginia-type leaf

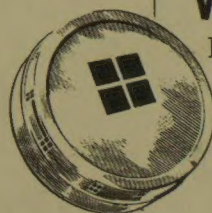
BROWN ::

A ready-rubbed fine-cut, toasted to a rich dark brown

PURPLE ::

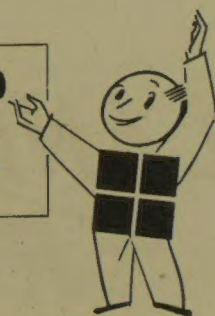
Small discs of spun tobacco, each a complete blend

each of the above four 4/3½d per 1 oz. vacuum tin



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In 1 oz. and 2 oz. tins
—fresh for the pipe





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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1955.



TO BE THE GUESTS OF GREAT BRITAIN NEXT SPRING: MARSHAL BULGANIN (LEFT) AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV. THE MARSHAL WILL BE THE FIRST SOVIET PRIME MINISTER EVER TO VISIT BRITAIN, OR ANY OTHER OF THE WESTERN POWERS.

To confirm the many reports of the friendliness and approachability of the Russian leaders at the Geneva Conference comes the announcement, from London and Moscow, that next spring Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev are to visit Britain. The Marshal will thus be not only the first Soviet Prime Minister to come as a guest to this country, but the first to visit any of the major countries

possessing what the Communists consider to be a capitalist economy. Since he is the head of the Government but not of the Soviet State, Marshal Bulganin will be the guest of Sir Anthony Eden, not of the Queen. It is to be hoped that this visit will help to preserve the cordial atmosphere of the Geneva Conference and its sunny social background, exemplified in our photograph above.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

BEFORE me lies a delightful book. It is called "Helps in Sickness and to Health—Where to go and What to do," and I found it the other day, tidying the shelf of a little-used book-case. Written by Henry C. Burdett and published in 1894, it bears my grandmother's bookplate, and contains advice on almost every conceivable subject affecting the health of child, youth and grown man or woman. These include, among much else, the arrangement of nursery floors, the choice of colours for walls and ceilings, the diet of infants and young children, the proper times for meals, the principles of education, the necessity for cleanliness, the use of warm, tepid, cold, hot shower, needle and vapour baths, the shape and texture of clothing, corsets, boots, garters and comforters, the values of particular foods and drinks, and the kinds that can be most safely taken, the effects of overwork, excitement and worry, the amount of exercise and sleep required, the choice of a house, with warnings to intending householders, the disposal of sewage and ventilation of soil-pipes, the removal of refuse and the taking of chalybeate or ferruginous waters. The author's all-embracing vision even comprises the public facilities for bathing enjoyed by women and girls of what are now called the proletariat. "The lower classes," he writes, "have no means of bathing at home, and their opportunities for effectual ablution of their persons are of the slightest. This is a subject which from every point of view demands consideration, and if a small part of the money now wasted in other ways were devoted to the cleanliness of the lower classes, their health and the tone of their morality would be improved."* In the second part of the book Dr. Burdett goes on to enumerate almost the entire catalogue of physical ills and diseases that can befall the human race and the most approved methods for dealing with them. He mentions fractures and dislocations, drowning, hanging and strangling, suffocation from charcoal fumes and carbonic acid, foreign substances in windpipes, stings by venomous insects, foreign bodies in nose and ear, swallowing coins and needles, toothache and croup and epileptic fits, chapped hands and in-growing toe-nails. The list seems almost unending, though it does not, naturally enough in 1894, include radioactivity from the dropping of atomic-bombs. What arouses my admiration are the straightforward directions for dealing with them all. For instance, for foreign substances in the windpipe, the patient should be placed on his stomach with his head downwards, while his back should be well slapped until a surgeon, who should be sent for, arrives. For fainting attacks, the head should be kept low, hot brandy and water and smelling-salts should be administered and the forehead should be slapped with a cold, wet towel. The doctor, like a good workaday professional man, never desponds; there is no trace in him of the *non-possumus* attitude shown by some of his more eminent colleagues and mentioned so movingly in Mr. Belloc's famous lines:

"Physicians of the utmost fame
Were called at once; but when they came
They answered, as they took their fees,
'There is no cure for this disease!'"

Dr. Burdett always has a cure, though, as a sensible man and loyal member of his profession, he generally adds that it is as well to call in a physician!

The book is full, not only of useful information but of sterling, if at moments rather obvious, common sense. Thus soap is defined as "a compound, made from soda and fats or oils, which is readily soluble in water; its use is to dissolve the greasy matter poured out by the skin-glands." Alcohol in small quantities, one is told, increases the activity of the heart and of the brain and acts generally as a stimulant. In large doses, however, "it acts most injuriously on the liver, producing serious diseases of that organ. Combined muscular movements are much less perfect after its use." I seem to remember having noticed this phenomenon. On the whole the doctor appears to take a very sensible and balanced view on the matter, and, though he deplores drinking in excess, he feels that there is some danger that a general decrease in the public consumption of alcohol may lead to a corresponding increase in "the sin of gluttony," which, apparently, in 1894 was regarded as on the increase, and whose results, he felt, could be quite as harmful. "Is it not true," he adds, "that the middle-course in all these things is the safest course? Each one has his own special failing, and too great a check in one direction may lead to an outbreak in another. He leads the most healthy life who lives soberly and temperately in all things, avoiding all excess. . . . It is wise to have no hobbies on the subject, but to trust to and be guided by one's medical attendant." Or, to quote the words of Mr. Leslie Henson in a song which I always recall with pleasure, "Tell your troubles to the Doc!" It seems the most excellent advice, especially nowadays when the State pays for the visit.

Dr. Burdett is a little undecided about tea. While, like the poet Cowper, he recognises that it stimulates the brain, dispels drowsiness and is not followed

by torpor as after the use of alcohol, and that it can be of some help to those who wish to do hard mental work or are exposed to much fatigue under extremes of temperature, he points out that "the excessive use of tea in women of the lower class is a fertile source of indigestion, probably from the bad manner of its preparation, as it is allowed to stand for an indefinite time, and then contains a large amount of tannin and substances that act injuriously on the coats of the stomach. Women also allow it to take the place of more solid and essential nutriment, and the only meal—morning, noon, and night—of many of them is tea with bread and butter." A nice cuppa char, in fact!

The book is so full of good things that it is impossible to know where to start quoting or where to stop. I was particularly pleased with the item headed "Hysterical Fits." These seem to have constituted almost an occupational disease for young ladies in the 'nineties; indeed, my own early recollections, dating from a little later, comprise an awareness, vague but persistent, of this alarming incipient complaint in the adolescent of the other sex! According to Dr. Burdett, such fits "almost always occur in young girls, and can generally be distinguished from epileptic fits by opening the lids, and touching the ball of the eye. In hysteria this part is sensitive, and the patient will wince, but in epilepsy all sensation is abolished, and the patient will not feel anything at all. Hysterical people, also, never bite their tongue nor hurt themselves. If, however, there is any doubt, it will be safer to treat it as an epileptic fit. In true hysteria a few sharp strokes across the face with a cold, wet towel, or pouring some cold water from a height on to the face, will usually cut short the fit, speaking firmly to the patient at the same time. Do not treat such patients harshly, but be very firm with them; and, above all, never commiserate them; this will only make them a great deal worse. As long as sympathetic but unwise friends will rub their limbs, kiss them, and condole with them, so long will the fit last."

In these days of patent medicines and foods, many of the doctor's home-made remedies and strengthening essences, jellies and beverages, make nostalgic reading. They remind me of my own nursery and of the pleasures, as distinct from the pains, of being ill there. Take, for instance, Calf's Foot Jelly:

Clean two calves' feet, cut into pieces, and stew in two quarts of water till it is reduced to one quart. When cold, take off the fat, and separate the jelly from the sediment. To this stock put half a bottle of sherry, a wine-glassful of brandy, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, four lemons (the rinds of two only), the whites of four eggs beaten on a plate into a froth; boil for twenty minutes; leave it about ten minutes to cool a little, and then strain through a flannel bag.

Or, better still, Restorative Jelly:

Three ounces of isinglass, two ounces of gum-arabic, two ounces of sugar-candy. Put them together into an earthen jar, pour upon them a bottle of sherry, tie the jar up closely, and let it stand all night; then set it in a saucepan of water, and let it simmer till all is dissolved.

I don't believe one can buy anything as good as this in a modern British shop. The Welfare State is all very well in its way, but there are moments, dipping back into the records of the not very distant past, when I feel we have forgotten quite as much as we have learnt. Consider, as an example, the advice which John Ruskin gave in a letter of November 23, 1881, on the subject of nurseries, and that the author admiringly quotes. I have never read it before, and it seems to me, like almost everything Ruskin wrote on every subject except art, the epitome of good sense:

I have never written a pamphlet on nurseries: first, because I never write about anything except what I know more of than most other people; secondly, because nothing much matters in a nursery—except the mother, the nurse, and the air. So far as I have notions or guess in the matter myself, beyond the perfection of those three necessary elements, I should say the rougher and plainer everything the better—no lace to cradle cap, hardest possible bed, and simplest possible food according to age, and floor and walls of the cleanablest. All education to beauty is, first, in the beauty of gentle, humble faces round a child; secondly, in the fields, fields meaning grass, water, beasts, flowers, and sky. Without these no man can be educated humanly. He may be made a calculating machine, a walking dictionary, a painter of dead bodies, a twangler or scratcher on keys or catgut, a discoverer of new forms of worms in mud; but a properly so-called human being—never. Pictures are, I believe, of no use whatever by themselves. If the child has other things right, round it and given to it—its garden, its cat, and its window to the sky and stars—in time, pictures of flowers and beasts, and things in heaven and heavenly earth may be useful to it. But see first that its realities are heavenly.

I do not know if my very wise mother and father ever read Ruskin's letter, but I was lucky. For the principles it advocates seem to have been applied to my early education, and, looking back over more than half a century, I cannot be sufficiently grateful for it.

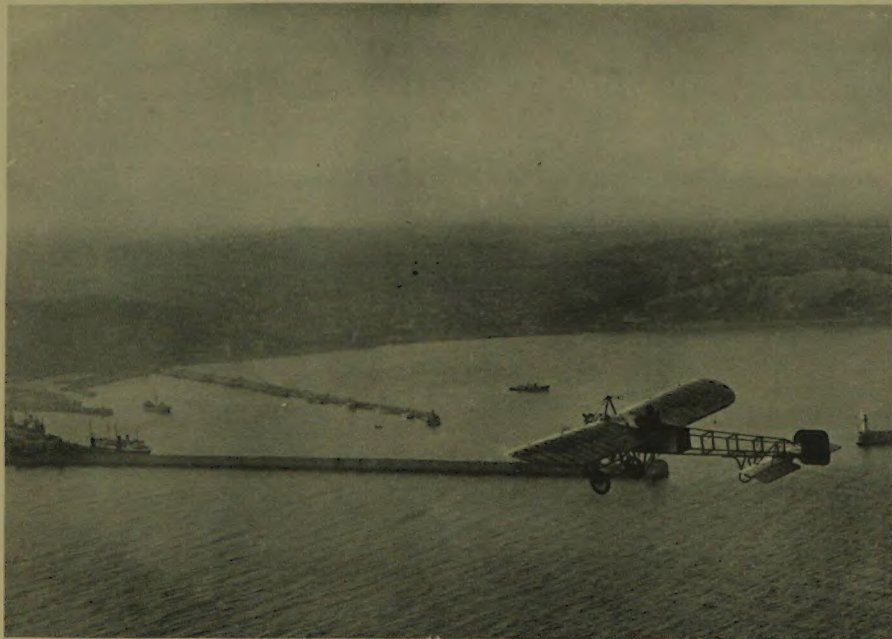
THE SOVEREIGN'S STALL AT ST. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL.



ASSIGNED TO THE REIGNING SOVEREIGN MORE THAN 400 YEARS AGO, BUT NEITHER USED NOR SEEN BY ANY ENGLISH MONARCH: THE FIRST CURSAL PREBENDAL STALL IN ST. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL, PEMBROKESHIRE. THE QUEEN HAS ARRANGED TO VISIT THE CATHEDRAL ON AUGUST 7. During the visit to Wales of the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, her Majesty has arranged to attend Divine Service at St. David's Cathedral on August 7. When she is shown the Sovereign's stall, she will be the first reigning English monarch to see it since it was so nominated. When Henry VIII. was engaged in his campaign of ecclesiastical plunder, the holder of the stall thought that if he gave it in perpetuity to the Sovereign, it might save St. David's from the King. The link with the Sovereign may have secured the Cathedral to some extent.

* "Helps in Sickness and to Health." By Henry C. Burdett, p. 65. (The Scientific Press Ltd., 1894.)

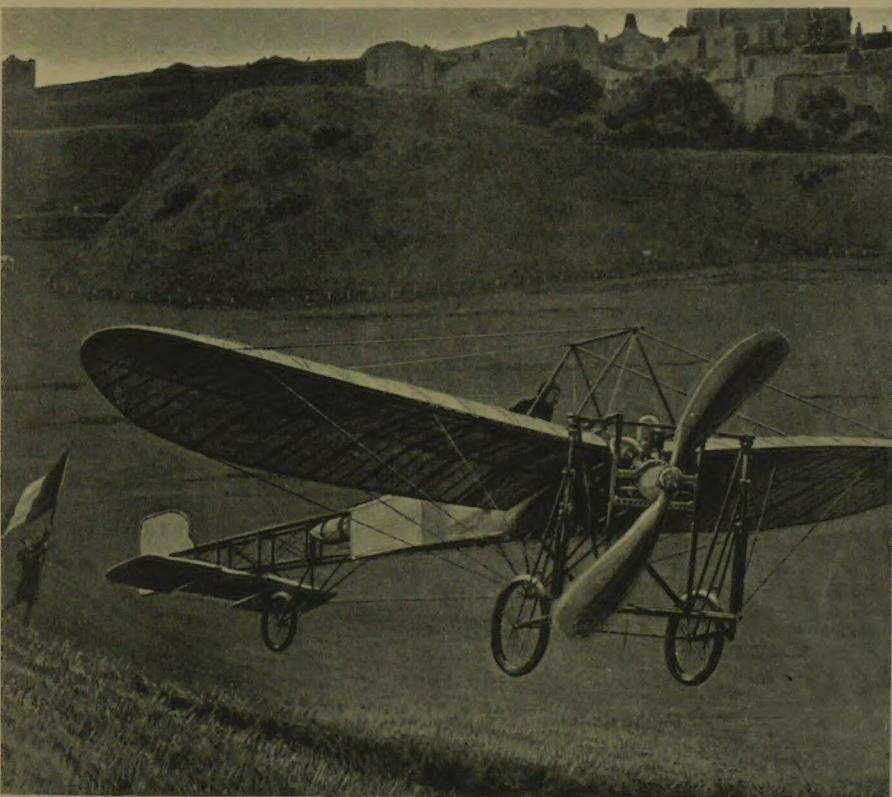
BLÉRIOT'S 1909 CHANNEL FLIGHT RE-FLOWN.



FLYING IN OVER DOVER HARBOUR ON JULY 28, 1955: M. JEAN SALIS IN A REPRODUCTION OF THE AIRCRAFT IN WHICH BLÉRIOT CROSSED THE CHANNEL IN 1909.



COMING IN TO LAND IN A REPRODUCTION OF THE MONOPLANE POWERED BY A 3-CYLINDER ANZANI ENGINE IN WHICH BLÉRIOT MADE THE FIRST CROSS-CHANNEL FLIGHT: M. SALIS.



"THE LANDING OF A CONQUEROR ON DOVER CLIFFS: M. BLÉRIOT ALIGHTING ON ENGLISH SOIL AFTER HIS CROSSING OF THE CHANNEL BY MONOPLANE"—AN ILLUSTRATION AND QUOTATION FROM OUR ISSUE OF JULY 31, 1909.

Louis Blériot made the first crossing of the English Channel in an aircraft in 1909 in a machine built of flimsy wood and fabric, powered by a 3-cylinder Anzani engine, and in *The Illustrated London News* of July 31, 1909, we published a drawing of his historic landing on July 25, made by our Special Artist, S. Begg, from details supplied by M. Fontaine, the French journalist, who chose the landing place. M. Jean Salis, a fifty-nine-year-old French pilot, who received early instructions from Blériot, "re-created" this pioneer journey by flying from Calais to Ferryfield, in a machine similar to that Blériot used, which he built with assistance from his wife. He covered fifty miles in 81 mins., escorted by three Auster aircraft.

ROYAL PASSING-OUT PARADES.

The Prince of the Netherlands (on July 20 promoted to the honorary rank of Air Vice-Marshal, R.A.F.V.R.) was the reviewing officer at the Passing Out Parade on July 26 at the R.A.F. College, Cranwell.—The Duke of Edinburgh was the inspecting officer and took the salute at the Sovereign's Parade at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, on July 27 and presented the Sword of Honour to Senior Under-Officer S. T. G. Morgan, as the best officer cadet of the term; and the Queen's Medal to Senior Under-Officer C. W. Beckett as the officer cadet first in the order of merit. A photograph of the Duke of Kent, one of the officer cadets parading, appears on another page.

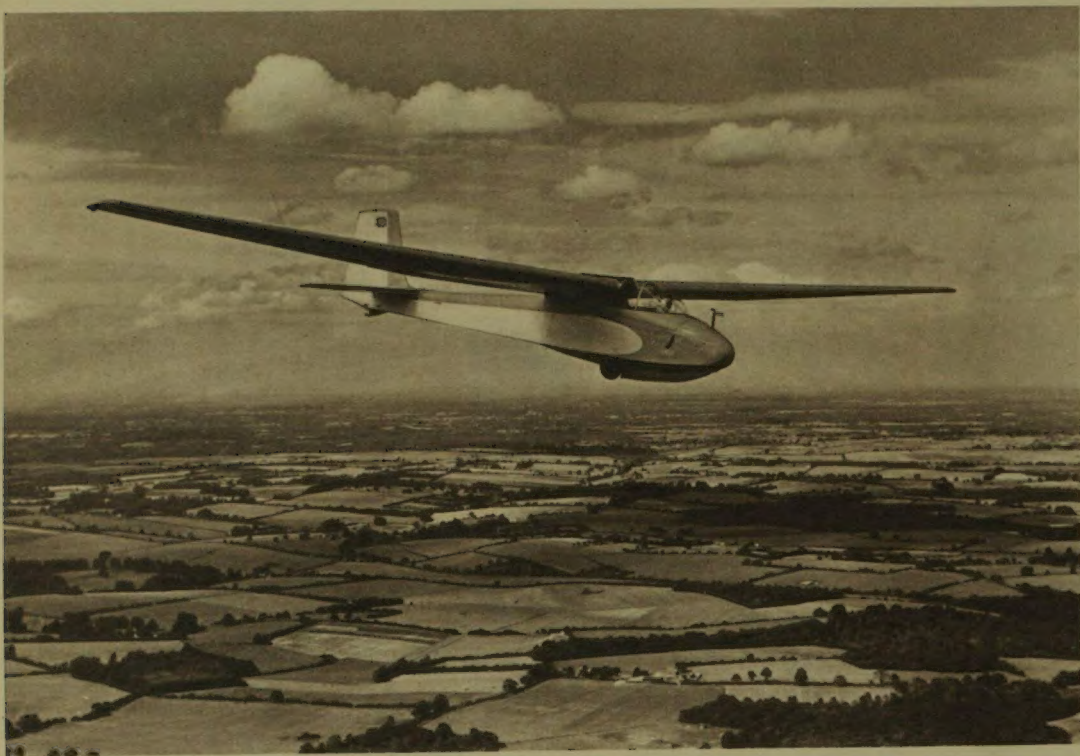


PRESENTING THE SWORD OF HONOUR TO SENIOR UNDER-OFFICER T. R. MORGAN AT THE PASSING-OUT PARADE AT CRANWELL: THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS.



PRESENTING THE SWORD OF HONOUR TO SENIOR UNDER-OFFICER S. T. G. MORGAN: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, INSPECTING OFFICER AT THE SOVEREIGN'S PARADE, SANDHURST.

WINGS IN FREE FLIGHT: DURING THE ANNUAL NATIONAL GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIPS, FROM LASHAM AERODROME.



FOURTH IN THE SPEED FLIGHT TO OLD SARUM: THE SLINGSBY T.42 EAGLE, A TWO-SEATER GLIDER, FLOWN BY MR. L. WELCH AND MR. F. IRVING, WHICH A FEW WEEKS AGO FLEW TO BRUSSELS.



THE OLYMPIA SAILPLANE OF MR. D. PIGGOTT. MR. PIGGOTT ACHIEVED A NEW HEIGHT RECORD RECENTLY BY CLIMBING TO 23,200 FT.



A SAILPLANE OF THE MOST MODERN DESIGN: LIEUT.-COLONEL DEANE-DRUMMOND'S SKYLARK III, WITH ITS LAMINAR-FLOW WINGS, WAS CONSPICUOUSLY SUCCESSFUL.

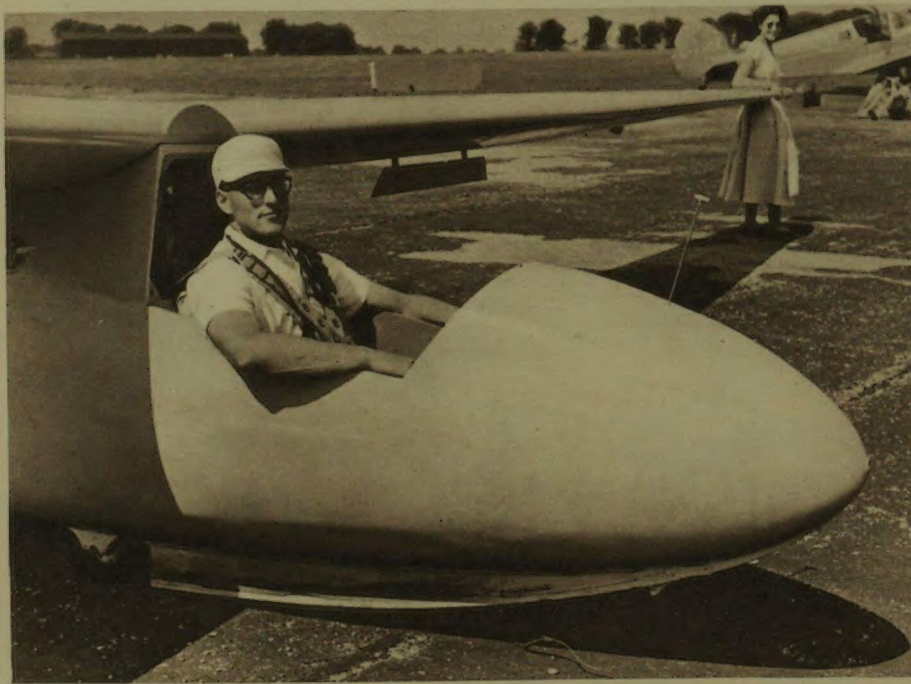


PHOTOGRAPHED WITH HIS NEW-TYPE OLYMPIA GLIDER: MR. DAVID INCE, THIRD IN THE LONGEST-POSSIBLE-FLIGHT CONTEST WITH A FLIGHT OF 141 MILES.



CHATTING WITH A RIVAL: THAT WILY GLIDER CHAMPION, MR. WILLS (LEFT), WITH LIEUT.-COLONEL DEANE-DRUMMOND DURING THE NATIONAL GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The National Gliding Championships for 1955 were opened at Lasham Aerodrome, Hampshire, on July 23, by Sir John Hunt, who later flew as a passenger in a two-seater Sailplane piloted by Mr. Derek Piggott, who recently set a new height record for the United Kingdom by climbing to 23,200 ft. in a thunderstorm. On July 25, contest flying began with the long-distance competition, based on a line joining Lasham with Exeter Airport. This was won by Mr. Philip Wills, the former world gliding champion, who covered the whole distance of 109 miles in 3 hours 13 minutes, in his Slingsby Sky sailplane. On July 26, the competition for the longest possible flight was also won by Mr. Wills, who achieved 169 miles by reaching Fowey, Cornwall. Two sailplanes of the most modern design, with laminar-flow wings,



THE YOUNGEST PILOT COMPETING: MR. JOHN COTTON, AGED TWENTY, IN THE COCKPIT OF HIS SKYLARK II. HE FLEW 138 MILES IN THE LONG-DISTANCE CONTEST.

were conspicuously successful. Skylark III. was flown 145 miles to Plymouth by Lieut.-Colonel A. J. Deane-Drummond, and Mr. David Ince went 141 miles in Olympia IV. The youngest pilot at the meeting, Mr. John Cotton, aged twenty, achieved 138 miles. July 27 brought the race to Old Sarum Airfield, and Mr. Wills triumphed yet again by attaining the highest speed. The contest for July 28 was the longest possible distance along a line passing through Yeovilton, Somerset, and Mr. Wills flew 139 miles to Plympton, Devon. Lieut.-Colonel Deane-Drummond flew 126 miles, Mr. David Ince 123, and Mr. D. A. Smith, flying the Slingsby Sky, of the London Gliding Club, reached second place with 128 miles to Widecombe-in-the-Moor. Mr. Wills won the championship with 492 points.

A ROYAL OCCASION, AVIATION NEWS, AND AUSTRIA'S REGAINED INDEPENDENCE.



ONE OF AMERICA'S VERTICAL-TAKE-OFF AIRCRAFT—THE CONVAIR XFV-1—SEEN IN LEVEL FLIGHT, IN WHICH IT IS REPORTED TO HAVE REACHED OVER 500 M.P.H. The United States have two not dissimilar experimental vertical-take-off aircraft, which take off from a standing position on their tails and later level into a horizontal flight: the Convair XFV-1, which first flew in August 1954; and the Lockheed XFV-1.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS FROM A SEA OF HAPPY FACES: PRINCESS MARGARET, WHO IS CHIEF RANGER OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AND EMPIRE, DRIVING SLOWLY THROUGH A RALLY OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE GIRL GUIDES AT GLOUCESTER, WHICH SHE VISITED AND INSPECTED ON JULY 23, AFTER FLYING FROM LONDON.



TAKING OFF THE SHOCK OF THE PARACHUTE DROP OF HEAVY LOADS: FOUR PARACHUTES LOWERING A TRUCK ON A PALLET, UNDER WHICH HAVE BEEN PLACED SIX PNEUMATIC RUBBER CUSHIONS—A RECENT TEST IN CALIFORNIA.



A PARACHUTE-LOWERED TRUCK, STANDING ON A RIGID PALLET, SUPPORTED ON RUBBER CUSHIONS WHICH COLLAPSE GENTLY AND TAKE UP THE SHOCK.



BRITISH AND U.S. MILITARY BANDS DRAWN UP BEFORE THE ALLIED COUNCIL BUILDING IN VIENNA; AT THE LOWERING OF THE FOUR ALLIED FLAGS.

The Austrian State Treaty, signed in Vienna on May 15, came into force at 10.5 a.m. on July 27. A final session of the Allied Council, the representatives of Great Britain, the U.S.A., France and Russia, was followed by the ceremonial lowering of the four Allied flags. There is a ninety-day period for the withdrawal of all



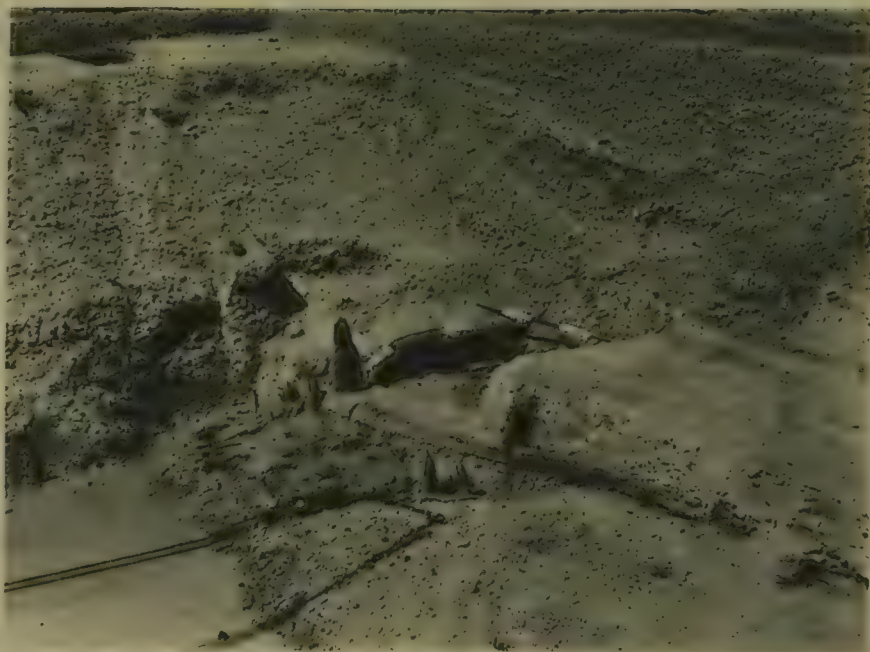
MARKING THE BEGINNING OF AUSTRIA'S REGAINED SOVEREIGN INDEPENDENCE: THE FINAL SESSION—THE 295TH—OF THE ALLIED COUNCIL IN VIENNA.

Allied troops and by October 25 it is stated that all occupation troops will have left Austria. On the same day a message from Sir Anthony Eden was delivered to the Austrian Federal Chancellor offering good wishes to the Austrian people and extending a welcome to Austria among the free nations of the world.

FROM A SAXON BRIDGE TO A HELICOPTER STATION: NEWS ANCIENT AND MODERN.



A VERY MODERN FOOTBRIDGE: A PASSENGER CONVEYOR OR "MOVING SIDEWALK," ON WHICH THE STANDING PASSENGER CAN MOVE AT ABOUT TWO MILES AN HOUR. THIS DEVICE, WHICH CAN ALSO NEGOTIATE CURVES, HAS BEEN MADE AT STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT, U.S.A.



... AND A FOOTBRIDGE OF 1200 YEARS AGO: THE STILL-REMAINING TIMBERS OF A BRIDGE CROSSING A SAXON CANAL, RECENTLY FOUND AT WINDSOR. A team of workers, led by Mr. Brian Hope-Taylor, consultant archaeologist to the Ancient Monuments Inspectorate, has recently uncovered a Saxon canal or ditch crossing the neck of a loop of the Thames near Windsor; and in this canal the wooden remains of a footbridge, dated by pottery remains found on the site to between 700 and 800 A.D. This discovery, and others related to it, suggest that there was once a Saxon town at Old Windsor.



WHAT THE AIR TRAVELLER SEES AS HE ARRIVES IN CENTRAL LONDON BY HELICOPTER: A BIRD'S- OR HELICOPTER'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SOUTH BANK STATION.

The helicopter passenger service between London Airport and the South Bank landing-site, originally scheduled by B.E.A. to start on July 25, was not fully opened on that date, owing to a technical hitch, but in the afternoon an inaugural flight was made and two public passenger flights. (Photograph by Aerofilms Ltd.)



THE NEW VANCOUVER HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH COLUMBIA ELECTRIC CO., LTD.: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION.

This fine functional building, which was recently begun, will rise to twenty-one storeys and take twenty months to build. It is expected to cost about 6,000,000 dollars. The outer structure will be of double glass and enamelled steel.



THE WALSHINGHAM TOMB AT CHISLEHURST; AND AN AMERICAN CRITIC WHO HAS SOUGHT PERMISSION TO OPEN IT, IN AN ATTEMPT TO PROVE MARLOWE WROTE SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS. Mr. Calvin Hoffman, of New York, has advanced the theory that Marlowe lived longer than is usually believed and, sheltered by his patron, Sir Thomas Walsingham, wrote Shakespeare's plays. He judges that supporting evidence may be hidden in Sir Thomas's tomb.



THE LAYING OF THE KEEL OF MAYFLOWER II.: THE START OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF A REPLICA OF THE ORIGINAL SHIP, IN WHICH THE PILGRIM FATHERS SAILED.

On July 28, at Upham's Shipyard, Brixham, the keel was laid of the replica of the original *Mayflower*, and taking part in the ceremony was Commander Kenelm Winslow, a descendant of the printer Edward Winslow, who sailed in the famous voyage to the New World. It is hoped to finish the vessel next summer.

THE LAYING OF THE TRANSATLANTIC TELEPHONE CABLE, AND A MISCELLANY OF NEWS IN PICTURES.



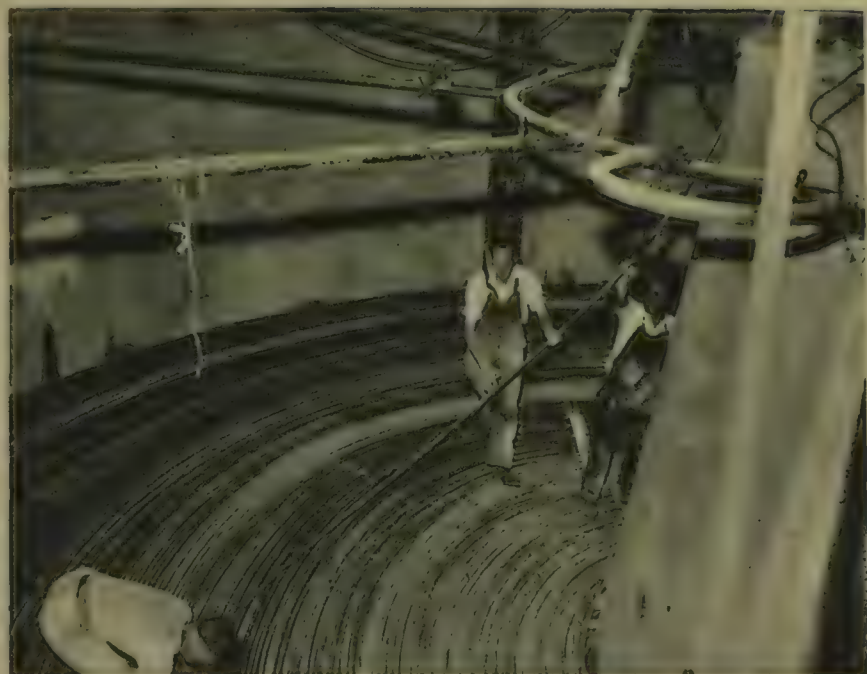
LOADING 1300 NAUTICAL MILES OF TRANSATLANTIC TELEPHONE CABLE INTO THE HOLD OF H.M.T.S. *MONARCH*, DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY AT ERITH, KENT.

H.M.T.S. *Monarch*, the world's largest cable-laying ship, was due to sail on July 30 with 1300 miles of telephone cable in her holds in order to lay the long central section of the transatlantic telephone cable, between a point 200 miles east of Newfoundland and Rockall Bank, 500 miles west of the coast of Scotland. The cable has been made at a factory specially built at Erith by Submarine Cables Ltd. and has been fed into *Monarch's* hold at the rate of 100 miles a day by means of a specially-built supporting tower shown above. On July 25 the Postmaster-General, Dr. Charles Hill, visited *Monarch* at Erith and wished her master, Captain J. P. Betson, a successful journey to "the most important assignment in the history of submarine telephony." A diagrammatic drawing of this great project appeared in our issue of July 9.



(RIGHT.)
THE MALE CHAMPION OF THE ARAB HORSE SOCIETY SHOW: LADY WENTWORTH'S *DARGÉE* WHO STOOD ALONE FOR PERFECTION OF CONFORMATION, SIZE AND QUALITY.

The annual show of the Arab Horse Society at Roehampton was held on July 27-28; and the male championship was won by Lady Wentworth's *Dargée*, who won the championship as a yearling in 1946. The female champion this year was a yearling, Miss Yule's *Princess Zia*, by Count D'Orsaz.



(ABOVE.)
STOWING THE CABLE IN *MONARCH* FOR "THE MOST IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT IN THE HISTORY OF SUBMARINE TELEPHONY"
—THE TRANSATLANTIC TELEPHONE LINE.



THE GERMAN MILITARY REPRESENTATIVES TO S.H.A.P.E. (ALL IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES) ENTERING S.H.A.P.E. HEADQUARTERS. The first military representatives of the German Federal Republic, led by General Hans Speidel (who is seen, right centre, gloves in hand) will be the only officers not in uniform among the 400 at S.H.A.P.E. until all the German rearmament Bills have been approved at Bonn. A group of the German Staff officers is shown on another page of this issue.



THE WINNER OF THE "SKETCH" TROPHY IN THE LONDON-LANQUEDOC-SETE RALLY: DR. I. H. CAMERON (RIGHT), WITH HIS TWO PASSENGERS. Out of fifty competitors in the annual rally of the G.B. Car Club, the outright winner was Dr. I. H. Cameron in a Sunbeam Talbot "90" coupé, who also won the silver challenge trophy offered by the *Sketch* for the best and most sporting performance irrespective of class.



AN EXHIBITION TO INTEREST SCHOOLBOYS IN ART: A LOAN SHOW OF VICTORIAN NARRATIVE PAINTINGS, STAGED AT BEMBRIDGE SCHOOL, I.O.W. An experiment in the appreciation of art has been started at Bembridge School, I.O.W., with the first of three loan exhibitions of paintings. The first, open to other schools and the public (July 23-August 3), was of Victorian Narrative Paintings from several galleries, arranged through the Art Exhibitions Bureau.

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY'S FAMOUS STRONGHOLD.

"THE CARLTON CLUB"; By SIR CHARLES PETRIE, Bt.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

HISTORIES of Clubs are usually interesting only to the members of those Clubs; sometimes only mildly even to them. But the Carlton is no ordinary Club, and Sir Charles Petrie is not a retired Club Secretary, or an elderly member trying his prentice hand at authorship, and taking a melancholy pleasure in recalling the good old days and the good old members, but a trained historian of repute in the general field. He has contrived, in a short volume, to combine a racy narrative of the history of the Club on its social side, with a succinct account of its important political activities, and even an outline of the history of the Tory Party.

It was to assist that party that the Club was founded. The Tories had been almost continuously in power for forty-four years when Lord Liverpool had a stroke and died shortly after. None of his colleagues was able to hold the party together as he had done, "and with the agitation for Reform sweeping the country the Tories, with their own ranks hopelessly divided, went down to disaster. At the General Election of 1832, held on the new franchise, only 179 Tories were returned out of a total membership of the House of Commons of 658. In these circumstances it was little wonder that they should have sought to establish a rallying place, for they had clearly reached a crisis in their history, and their situation was comparable with what it had been in 1714, and was again to be in 1906 and 1945."

That was the background. "The foundation of the Carlton Club took place on March 10, 1832, when a general meeting of the Tory Club was held at the Thatched House Tavern, with the Marquess of Salisbury in the chair," and it was resolved to look for premises and draw up rules and regulations for submission to a general meeting. That was held on March 17, the rules were adopted, and the Club was officially designated the Carlton Club—not unreasonably, as the site on which members had their eye was part of the ground formerly occupied by the Regent's palace, Carlton House. Sir Robert Smirke designed the first building; in 1854 it was taken down and replaced by another modelled on Sansovino's Library in Venice. In 1912, the façade having been "seriously affected by the atmosphere of London [which can rot not merely lungs but stone]" it was decided to reface it with Portland stone."

To the best of my recollection it was done by the late Sir Reginald Blomfield, who spared no pains in graving his rustications deeply enough to vie with adjoining buildings. He, incidentally, was one of those architects who never had his fair chance in London. He designed the new Quadrant, which saved at least the southern end of Regent Street from the mess which was made after the destruction of Nash's work, and he made plans for a complete Piccadilly Circus. A section of it is his: look at the rest of it, with its villainous buildings and advertisements, and think of the Place Vendôme!

That was the architectural history of the Club; its political history (at one time it seems to have been a sort of stud-farm for Conservative candidates, and it came into a full blaze of limelight when the break with Lloyd George was made at a meeting in the Club) is very ably linked here with the development of what Ostrogorski (who is quite properly quoted) called "Democracy and the Organisation of Political Parties," and there is plenty of social history, with glimpses of many an eccentric member and side-lights on the costs of food, drink, and service at various periods. One piece of information staggers me; I should think, frankly, that there may have been some staggering on the day. In 1907 the Club's notice-board was allowed to be used, for the announcement of "the Dinner of the 1900 Club to the Colonial Premiers." The Albert Hall was the dining-room: a sizeable banqueting-hall by any standards. There were 1600 diners and these are amongst the things ordered:

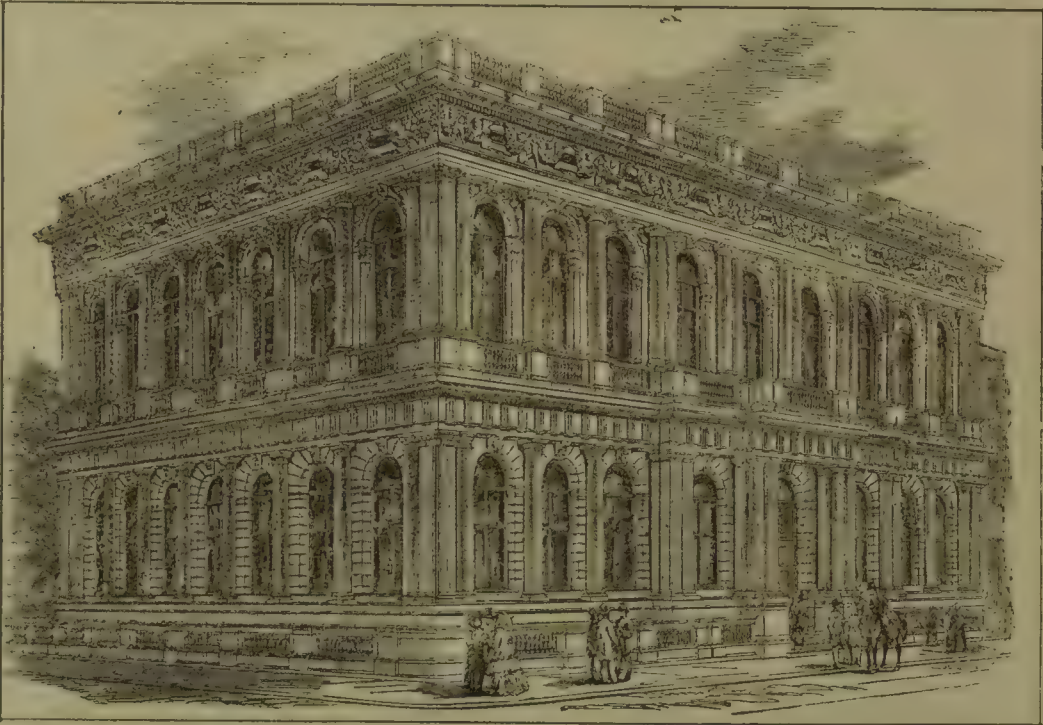
Beef for soup (lbs.).....	4500
Whole Salmon	200
Quails	2500
Asparagus (sticks)	25,000
Fresh strawberries (lbs.)	600
Champagne (bottles)	1400
Hock (bottles)	1500



THE PRESENT PREMISES OF THE CARLTON CLUB:
NO. 69, ST. JAMES'S STREET.

After the bombing in October 1940, it was seen that the restoration of the club and the annexe would be very expensive. "Fortunately, Arthur's old premises at 69, St. James's Street, the original home of White's, were still empty, and so the Carlton was able to establish itself there."

The illustrations are not reproduced from the book reviewed.



"THE CARLTON NEW CLUB HOUSE, PALL MALL," A REPRODUCTION FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," JULY 21, 1855.

The first premises occupied by the Carlton Club were Lord Kensington's House, 2, Carlton Terrace. In 1836 they moved to a new building designed by Sir Robert Smirke, in Pall Mall. This was altered by Mr. Sidney Smirke in 1845, and in 1854 the whole building was taken down and replaced with the one which remained until it was bombed in 1940. This was, with a few variations, a copy of the Libreria Vecchia at Venice, by Sansovino; and was harshly criticised. *The Illustrated London News*, July 21, 1855, quoted an authority as saying it was "not creditable to English art or even politics as intended effect." In 1912 it was decided to reface the building with Portland stone but owing to the 1914-18 war this was not completed till 1924.

Liqueur brandy (bottles)	300
Chartreuse (bottles)	300
Crème de Menthe (bottles)	500
Whisky (bottles)	200

The Colonial Premiers, I must say, cannot have gone home with the impression that their English brethren were miserly.

Sir Charles has had the advantage of access to the Club's archives. There is plenty of variety: Mr. Gladstone, for instance, was threatened with personal violence on the Club's premises; which is hardly to be wondered at since, with his extraordinary ability to



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED
ON THIS PAGE: SIR CHARLES PETRIE,
BART.

A noted historian, Sir Charles Petrie has at various times contributed distinguished articles to issues of *The Illustrated London News*. He has been editor of the *Household Brigade Magazine* since 1945. His "The History of Government" appeared in 1929 (new edition 1949) and his latest book, "Lord Liverpool," was published last year.

convince himself that anything he did was right, he remained a member of the Club when he had transferred his support to "the Liberal side."

One or two dipsomaniacs were a difficulty (but what's that in a big club with over a hundred years of history), and a member who would insist on hiding himself late at night in odd corners in the hopes that nobody would discover that he was still on the premises. There was another member who was charged not merely with smoking in the front hall (an unheard-of offence a hundred years ago), but with demanding brandies there for himself and his cabman, at a time when no guest was supposed even to enter the Club. All these cases were handled by the Committee, and the Secretaries, with consummate tact and patience. The authorities at the Carlton seem to have been as sagacious and long-suffering in regard to obstreperous earls and baronets as our statesmen since the war have been with the difficult Russians. President Eisenhower might well be made an honorary member of the Club. But (although an American brigadier was once a full member) there is a firm rule now that no foreigners are admitted; numbers of small Balkan diplomats wanted to creep in on the heels of a Minister; they might have overheard things.

There came the evening of October 14, 1940. A high-explosive bomb—and probably a second, almost simultaneously—came hurtling down, and went straight through the Club, bringing down tons of roof and masonry and plunging the whole place into smoke-filled darkness. A group of members, ten or more, was sitting in the Morning Room and escaped the avalanche by a few feet only: amongst them were the Chief Whip, the present Speaker and the present Foreign Secretary. Miraculously, no member of the

Club or of the Staff received a scratch; but the building in the morning was a massive shell. I happened to be spending that night in a neighbouring club, and went out early in the morning to see what the night had brought. There, in the middle of Pall Mall, was a great mound of blocks of stone. A few club-servants from various establishments seemed to be inordinately interested in it. In a couple of seconds I discovered why. Climbing about the débris like a chamois on an Alp was the Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill: on the spot, as usual.

Evidently rebuilding couldn't take place for years, but the problem of at least temporary premises was easily solved. Arthur's, that agreeable old club in St. James's Street, had recently come to an end, and its house was empty. The Carlton moved in, and now seems to have settled there indefinitely, having decided not to attempt a return to the old site.

According to a newspaper report, it is going to be occupied by a block of offices. The Carlton's finances are no affair of mine; but it is impossible not to regret a break in the row of imposing club-build-

ings which stretches west from Waterloo Place, or to refrain from wondering whether, in its present more modest abode, the Club is likely to maintain its position in party politics. Let us hope that the block of offices will not look like some of those giant honeycombs whose pictures appear in the letting-agents' advertisements. The progressive uglification of most of London seems inevitable, but Pall Mall and St. James's are relics of a more gracious—and more prosperous—day.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 242 of this issue.



A GENERAL VIEW FROM TRUNDLE HILL, WITH THE PADDOCK AND STANDS ON THE RIGHT: *DOUBLE RED*, WITH T. CARTER UP, IS SHOWN WINNING THE CRAVEN STAKES, FIRST RACE OF THE MEETING.



THE THRILLING FINISH OF THE SUSSEX STAKES: MR. J. E. ARMSTRONG'S *MY KINGDOM* (RIGHT) BEATING HER MAJESTY'S *ALEXANDER* IN A PHOTO-FINISH.



THE FINISH OF THE STEWARDS' CUP: MR. W. TARRY'S *KING BRUCE* (RIGHT) COMING FAST TO BEAT MR. MORALEE'S *ROMAN VALE* BY A HEAD



THE QUEEN AT GOODWOOD ON THE OPENING DAY: HER MAJESTY, WHO, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WAS A GUEST OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND. (RIGHT.)

THE QUEEN AT GOODWOOD IN BRILLIANT SUNSHINE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MEETING; AND THRILLING CLOSE FINISHES.

Ideal weather graced the popular Goodwood Meeting this year, and the usual crowds assembled in the enclosures and on Trundle Hill to watch the sport on one of the loveliest courses in the country. The Stewards' Cup, most important race of the first day, was won by *King Bruce* (*Fair Trial-Spider's Web*), which started at 100-7. Much disappointment was felt by all present on the second day when her Majesty's *Alexander* was beaten in a photo-finish by *My Kingdom* in the Sussex Stakes. *Alexander* had a set-back not long ago, and it was good to see

him running so prominently. Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh stayed with the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon for the meeting, and the Queen, as is her custom, followed the racing closely and went several times to the paddock. The Duke drove over to Cowdray Park to play polo in the late afternoons and her Majesty went to watch him on leaving the racecourse. On the opening day she wore a blue and white outfit, and on the Wednesday was in peacock-blue silk with a coral-coloured hat.



A PLAIN-CLOTHES OFFICER TESTING A MAU MAU HOME-MADE GUN, TO SEE IF IT IS INDEED A LETHAL WEAPON. FIRED AS SHOWN, WITH A BLACK POWDER CARTRIDGE, IT SINGLED THE OFFICER'S EYEBROWS AND MOUSTACHE WITH THE ESCAPE OF GAS AT THE BREECH.



A POLICE OFFICER HOLDING A GUN (WITH RUBBER-SPRING BOLT) WHICH BURST DURING TESTS, NECESSARY TO DETERMINE, FOR LEGAL PURPOSES, WHETHER THE WEAPON WAS "LETHAL."



A CLOSE-UP OF THE BREECH OF A HOME-MADE GUN WHICH BLEW UP DURING TEST FIRING. NOTE THE INNER-TUBE RUBBER "SPRING." THESE GUNS HAVE NO TRIGGERS AND ARE FIRED BY RELEASING THE BOLT.

THE offer of amnesty to members of Mau Mau who voluntarily surrendered, first made on January 18 this year, expired at midnight, July 10; and the campaign against the terrorists has been resumed in full force. The organisation of Mau Mau gangs is partly tribal, partly based on the Communist cell and partly apes the British Army, especially in orderly room methods, many Kikuyu having served

DOOR BOLTS, PIPING, CURTAIN ROD AND THE MAU MAU ARMOURER, CAPTURED



A MAU MAU ARMOURER'S KIT OF TOOLS AND ONE OF FIFTY GUNS MADE WITH THEM. NOTE, IN THE CENTRE, DOOR BOLTS, AND STRIPS OF INNER TUBING FOR SPRINGS.



FOUR CAPTURED HOME-MADE MAU MAU GUNS: (TOP) WITH A CAPTURED BRITISH SERVICE RIFLE BOLT, THE REMAINDER HAVING DOOR BOLTS; SECOND, WITH A CURTAIN-ROD SPRING; THIRD, WITH INNER TUBE RUBBER SPRING; FOURTH, WITH A SPRING PERHAPS FROM A CAR CLUTCH PEDAL.



A HOME-MADE PISTOL, SO CRUDE IT WILL FIRE AMMUNITION OF SEVERAL SIZES. IT HAS NO TRIGGER AND IS FIRED BY EDGING UP THE DOOR-BOLT KNOB.

as Army clerks. The majority are armed with spears, pangas, bows and arrows, and home-made grenades are common. Some leaders have stolen precision weapons—and the most notable weapons recaptured from the Mau Mau were two Bren guns—but the majority of rank and file who have guns are armed with the type of weapons shown here. A military observer, Captain N. S. Horne, reports: "Unlike the Malayan terrorists, the Mau Mau gangs in Kenya are, comparatively speaking, poorly armed. Roughly one precision weapon—which may be a stolen revolver, shotgun or rifle—is carried by one in every seven terrorists. The rank and file carry home-made guns fabricated from pieces of piping (for barrels), door bolts (for breech mechanism) and, as a rule, strips of rubber in lieu of springs. These home-made guns rarely have an effective range of more than 25 yards, in addition to which their rate of fire is slow, due to the fact that the extraction of the expended cartridge-case has to be effected with a ramrod or pair of pliers, and

INNER TUBING—SOME RAW MATERIALS OF HOME-MADE GUNS AND PISTOLS.



THE SIMPLEST TYPE OF MAU MAU GUN: A CARTRIDGE IS FITTED INTO A SHORT LENGTH OF PIPE AND DECORATED BY BANGING WITH A PIECE OF STONE.



THREE PRIMITIVE PISTOLS, ONE DOUBLE-BARRELLED. THEY ARE CAPABLE OF FIRING .38 IN. OR 9 MM. AMMUNITION, BUT USUALLY BLOW UP AFTER 10-15 ROUNDS.



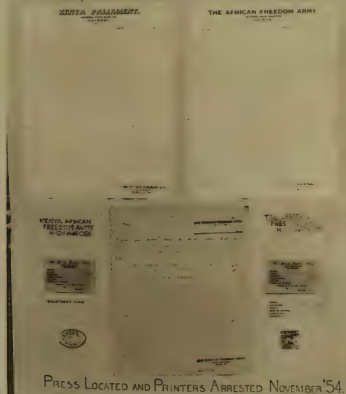
THE "BOLT MECHANISM" OF A CRUDE MAU MAU GUN. ITS PRINCIPAL DEFECT IS THE SLOWNESS OF FIRE, SINCE THE SPENT CARTRIDGE HAS TO BE DUG OUT.

they are often more dangerous to those who fire them than to those at whom they are fired. Their main value to the Mau Mau leaders (apart from the fact that they have been known to kill or to inflict injury—more so when they use a shotgun cartridge) is that they act as a morale booster to the rank and file, some of whom are even content to carry dummy weapons. So far about 3,450 of these home-made guns have been recovered during operations by the Security Forces. In many cases the stocks are numbered. One of the captured weapons bears 'No. 1' on the stock, and another, more recently recovered, is numbered '7745'. It is not certain, however, that consecutive numbering has been used, and, therefore, the number '7745' may exaggerate the extent of the Mau Mau armory. The first 'rifles' of the Mau Mau consisted of 1-ft. lengths of piping, into the end of which the terrorist inserted a cartridge. He then went close to his adversary and detonated the cartridge by hitting the base with a stone or, if he possessed one, a hammer. From



CAPTURED MAU MAU EQUIPMENT, INCLUDING: AN OLD U.S. ARMY BUGLE, A PISTOL WITH A CURTAIN-ROD SPRING, A KNIFE, A PORTRAIT OF JOMO KENYATTA, A POISONED DART, TWO BADGES, AMULETS AND A BOX OF A COMMONLY-USED DRUG.

SAMPLES OF TERRORIST STATIONERY & RUBBER STAMPS



SAMPLES OF MAU MAU STATIONERY AND RUBBER STAMPS, TWO ENLISTMENT CARDS, AND A THREATENING LETTER ADDRESSED TO A HIGH-RANKING GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL.



A HOME-MADE GUN FITTED WITH A STOLEN BOLT FROM A BRITISH ARMY .303 SERVICE RIFLE. THE BARRELS IN ALL CASES ARE OF GENERAL PURPOSE PIPING, AND OWING TO THE BREECH ESCAPE OF GAS, THE MUZZLE VELOCITY IS VERY LOW.

this primitive start the terrorists have developed a reasonably effective and easy-to-make weapon, using materials that can be obtained from any ironmonger's shop or scrap-heap. They have now reached a stage where, if they wanted to improve upon the present quality, they would have to make use of more intricate tools and a wider range of raw materials. These, however, are denied to them."



HIGHLAND DANCING AT THE CLAN GATHERING HELD ANNUALLY AT GREENWICH, CONN., U.S.: COMPETITORS IN THE HIGHLAND FLING.



GIVING A MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY AT GREENWICH, CONN.: THE ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE PIPE BAND, WHEN VISITING THE ANNUAL GAMES THERE.



YOUTHFUL AMERICAN DANCERS OF SCOTTISH DESCENT: TWO GIRLS GIVING A DISPLAY OF SWORD-DANCING AT THE GREENWICH GAMES IN THE U.S.A.

Scottish blood is a proud heritage, and Scots and their descendants in the New World never forget it. The Canadian Scottish Regiments, which include The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders of Canada, The Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment) of Canada, and many others, are famous; and in the United States of America, men and women with Scottish ancestors and bearing

THE CLANS GATHER—EVEN IN THE U.S.: ANNUAL HIGHLAND GAMES IN CONNECTICUT.



THE MARCH-PAST AND PARADE OF THE CLANS OF AMERICANS OF SCOTTISH DESCENT: A GENERAL VIEW OF A SECTION DURING THE EVENT.



WITH THE LION OF SCOTLAND AND THE STARS-AND-STRIPES FLYING SIDE BY SIDE: A VIEW OF THE DANCING PLATFORM, WITH A DISPLAY IN PROGRESS.

Scottish names delight in assembling for Games such as traditionally take place in Scotland. On this and our facing page we illustrate the annual Highland Games at Greenwich, Connecticut, and show Highland dances, and traditional sports of Caledonia in progress, as well as displays by pipe bands—according to the classic pattern of Scottish Games.

"BUT STILL THE HEART IS HIGHLAND"—HOW THE AMERICAN-SCOTS HOLD THEIR ANNUAL GAMES.



WATCHING A CABER COMPETITOR TOSSING THE CABER: SPECTATORS AT THE ANNUAL HIGHLAND GAMES HELD NEAR GREENWICH, CONN., U.S.



DISPLAYING THE MANY MEDALS HE HAS WON AT PAST HIGHLAND GAMES: A YOUNG AMERICAN WHO WILL NEVER FORGET HIS SCOTTISH ANCESTRY.



PREPARING FOR THE CLAN PIPE MARCH: PIPERS OF BOTH SEXES WHO ARE ABOUT TO TAKE PART IN THE GREAT COMPETITIVE DISPLAY AT GREENWICH, CONN.



PARADING BEFORE THE JUDGES: ONE OF THE YOUNG KILT GIRL PIPERS OF SCOTTISH DESCENT WHO TAKE PART IN THE ANNUAL U.S. HIGHLAND GAMES.

Men and women of Scottish descent are to be found in Canada, Australia and other countries of the Commonwealth and in the United States, and though they are loyal to the lands of their birth or adoption, few forget Caledonia, the country of their origin, for, to quote the Canadian Boat Song, "From the lone shieling of the misty island, Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—Yet still the

blood is strong, the heart is Highland . . ." This is illustrated by the photographs on this and the facing page of the annual Highland Gathering near Greenwich, Conn., U.S., in which many American-Scots participate, wearing their Clan tartans and displaying their skill at traditional Highland Games and dances as their kinsmen in Scotland have always done.

WAS it a more or a less successful conference than the world had expected? That question cannot be answered positively in a sentence. The Geneva Conference was regarded differently from different quarters. There were several shades of opinion about the results which might emerge from it and more than one view even about its objects. Let us look at what may be taken to represent the three main currents of preliminary speculation. First, there was a body of pessimistic opinion. It expected little but some soundings, which might not prove very profitable. It was probably the smallest section, because the predominant mood contained a larger measure of optimism than of pessimism. There was a middle view—that taken by most of the statesmen and students of international politics. It expected more than soundings, in fact a betterment of the situation and preparations to deal with the problems in detail, but few concrete results, if any. And there was a large mass of vague optimism, mostly uninstructed and attributing a sort of magic to a meeting "at the highest level."

The experts in the middle proved right, as it was almost certain that they would. All the signs had suggested that the more extreme views on the wings were incorrect. In one respect, however, the experts were not optimistic enough. The spirit in which the conference was conducted was even better than they had hoped for. And this friendly spirit involved more than a friendly atmosphere and an absence of the quarrels and abuse which had become so ugly and so undignified a feature of talks between East and West. The absence of bad temper and vituperation had positive results. It led to much more serious and useful argument, even where the two sides were most sharply divided. Never had exchanges on similar occasions in the past more truly represented the true essence of the differences. On the other hand, it must be realised frankly that there was no progress to which the label "concrete" can honestly be attached. The progress was in two elements: in spirit and in laying down the lines for the Foreign Ministers to work on.

The main battle of the conference was, in fact, fought over future procedure in search of a settlement, rather than over a settlement itself—and the strategic views of the West on this battle would seem to have called for as much discussion in the councils of the West itself as were called for between East and West. By far the most critical situation on this battlefield of ideas and words concerned Germany. The East fought to establish the adjournment of the reunification of Germany until a European security pact had been brought into being. It left no doubt that in its view such a pact involved the liquidation of the North Atlantic Treaty, so that German unity could not be effected until N.A.T.O. had ceased to exist. Then, the East contended that the United Nations Disarmament Committee was not the proper machinery to deal with disarmament, which was the affair of the Foreign Ministers only. It also demanded that the East German Government should be a party to any discussions on German reunification.

On these points the Soviet delegation yielded ground—but, again, it was procedural ground. The directive to the Foreign Ministers recognised the common responsibility of the heads of Government for German reunification. But the final address of Marshal Bulganin, though admirably moderate and thoughtful, did not hold out much promise that the objective of the West would be attained. It has long seemed to me extremely doubtful whether there is any prospect of attaining it in the near future. A united and independent Germany would become a tremendous force within ten years at most. This is a spectacle which Russia regards with disfavour and anxiety. It will be surprising if, when the Foreign Ministers come down to brass tacks this autumn, they bring about German unity in advance of a system of collective European security. And this, in genuine form, will not be easy.

The directive to the Foreign Ministers—which takes the place of a *communiqué*—is guarded in form. Take, for example, the first paragraph. I write it as it might have been written if either side fully trusted the other, with stops where a passage has been omitted. "For the purpose of establishing European security... the Ministers are instructed to consider various proposals to this end, including the following." All that is needed, it would seem, and almost impossible to qualify. But it was sharply qualified. The passage omitted runs: "With due regard to the legitimate interests of all nations and their inherent right to individual and collective self-defence." Nothing is given away. The first item is a security pact including an obligation to eschew force, limitation and inspection of arms and armed forces, establishment of a zone in which dispositions of armed forces will be subject to agreement.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. LOOKING BACK ON GENEVA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Next comes the point about German unity. Then follows that on which the Russians made an important compromise, that a system of disarmament could continue to be sought through the sub-committee of the United Nations Disarmament Commission. The Foreign Ministers will instruct their representatives on the sub-committee to take account of the views advanced at the conference; they themselves will take note of the proceedings in the Disarmament Commission. And—presumably in case the whole business should escape their memories altogether—they are enjoined to consider whether the four Governments can take any further useful action

THE RESTORATION OF ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH.



"THE HEAD OF CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS": A PRELIMINARY MODEL, BY MARJORIE MEGGITT, FOR THE LARGE TERRA-COTTA PANEL WHICH IT IS PROPOSED TO INCORPORATE IN THE REREDOS OF THE RESTORED ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH.

Progress is being made with the rebuilding and restoration of St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street—one of Wren's City churches which was severely damaged during the war—and it is hoped that the work will be complete and the Church re-dedicated in September 1957. The head of Christ we show is a preliminary model for a terra cotta panel which it is proposed to incorporate in the reredos instead of having a picture of the Calvary in the East window. This reredos is to commemorate Edward Winslow and the Pilgrim Fathers. The sculptor, Marjorie Meggitt, is a distinguished Rome Scholar, whose work was considerably interrupted by the war and family responsibilities. She is now working on some Christmas figures for St. Paul's Cathedral. During 1956 it is hoped to unveil a commemorative cenotaph in the Press Memorial Chapel upon which will be inscribed the names of the Patrons, Executive Committee, and all who have taken a lead in the restoration of the Church. This is being given by Mr. A. N. Pictor, the chairman of the Bath and Portland Stone Company, who supplied the original stone for the building of Wren's Church.

on disarmament. Finally, comes a most useful and opportune clause on studying means to eliminate barriers to free communication and trade, and to bring about freer contacts and exchanges between the countries and the peoples concerned.

Sir Anthony Eden has dominated most of the international talks in which he has taken part. On this occasion he played a prominent rôle, but it is generally agreed that the two chief figures were President Eisenhower and Marshal Bulganin. Their contributions were of a very different type, but both valuable. The President of the United States clearly came over with a deep-seated determination to impart sweetness and light to the conference by making clear beyond all shadow of doubt the desire of himself and the people of his country for peace, as well as their abhorrence of a war of

aggression. In this aim he was successful, in particular as regards his own people. Marshal Bulganin, after making his concessions, took great pains to point out the essence and even the depth of the differences still dividing the two sides.

The appeal of President Eisenhower's attitude was not quite as strongly felt by the European Governments and public as by his own. At times it appeared to the former too simplified and not close enough to the business in hand. The President's eye is shrewd as well as wide open to popular effect, but he did appear to subordinate his shrewdness to his capacity for winning gestures and phrases. Sir Anthony Eden came to the conference with more positive suggestions than anyone else, but he did not find it possible to advance them very far. Although this was a conference "at the summit," and the sentimentalists had believed that the heads of Governments would ensure its success, the hard work was done, certainly on the side of the West, by the Foreign Ministers and their advisers. In this respect the conference departed to a lesser extent from the normal than had been widely expected.

The Far East hardly entered the discussions. In the final speech of Marshal Bulganin, to which allusion has already been made, he took note of this fact and expressed his regret that more attention had not been given to the topic. At the same time, he made it clear that differences of views regarding Asia are at least as strong as in the matter of Europe. It is indeed probable that they are farther from solution than any European question, even that of German unity, but, important though they are; they cannot be said to be as important as this. Some private talk on Far Eastern topics did in fact take place towards the end of the conference. Up to the present, Russian solidarity with China is as complete as ever. Divergences will almost certainly come, but neither party has allowed the faintest sign of them to appear on the surface, if any have already emerged.

The best assessment that can be made of Russian views on the evidence available is that Russia earnestly desires the easing of international tension, but hopes to achieve this within the framework of a strategic situation little different from, perhaps in all respects the same, as that which exists at present. She does not desire to see Germany united until N.A.T.O. has been dissolved, and, presumably, American and British armed forces have quitted the Continent. She would be prepared to abandon the formal defence pacts with her satellites but not to allow them to escape her domination, in return for the abandonment of N.A.T.O. The difficulty about this is that her pacts mean very much less than N.A.T.O., just because she completely dominates her allies, whereas no single country dominates the members of N.A.T.O. Cynics may deride this last statement. I can assure them that there is an astonishing independence and a critical spirit, even among the small countries which are signatories to N.A.T.O. This is well known of the big nations.

The worst handicap of the conference was publicity. The heads of Governments were like goldfish in a glass bowl which was almost always in full view of the world's spectators. Every sound and sober commentator on the subject has been pointing out for a full generation that to force international conferences to work almost all the time in the open is to impose a grave handicap upon them. Every improvised word—and even the present race of statesmen, wedded to the written phrase, have to improvise sometimes; for instance, when answering an unexpected question—goes straight out to the world. The consequence is that, dreading a gaffe, every speaker tends to play for safety. And safety nearly always means banalities richly adorned with clichés. Something will have to be done to give men negotiating on delicate questions a better chance.

Yet, when it comes to summing up, it is hard to find any respect other than this in which the conference might have been expected to do better. Even here, President Eisenhower's determination to have every window open may pay in the long run—it is possible that he thought it worth while to waste a good deal of the time of this conference to the profit of later ones on a lower level. Even the publicity did not prevent the establishment of a stronger sense of realism than had previously been attained. The conference was a success. It justified nearly all the hopes of the sober-minded. And the greatest success of all was that propaganda played but a minute part in the proceedings, and that those taking part spoke throughout as though they wanted to further the business rather than to score debating points. The way to a settlement is still rough and beset with obstacles, but war—hot or cold—has been rendered less likely.

DROPPING FROM THE SKIES TO FIGHT A FOREST FIRE: PARACHUTISTS OF THE CANADIAN FORESTS.



THE CONTROL OF FOREST FIRES IN CANADA: A SPOTTER IN AN AIRCRAFT OF THE CANADIAN NATURAL RESOURCES FIRE CONTROL SERVICE SEES A SMALL OUTBREAK AND RADIOS BACK TO HEADQUARTERS AT LAC LA ROUGE, SASKATCHEWAN.



AT THE PROVINCIAL HEADQUARTERS AT LAC LA ROUGE: THE WARNING OF THE OUTBREAK IS RECEIVED BY WIRELESS AND THE SITE PLOTTED ON A LARGE-SCALE MAP.



A NORSEMAN AIRCRAFT TAKES OFF WITH A CREW OF FOUR SKILLED PARACHUTE JUMPERS, FULLY EQUIPPED AND TRAINED FOR FOREST FIRE-FIGHTING AND CAPABLE OF LANDING WITHIN 200 FT. OF THE BLAZE.

This summer the Canadian province of Ontario has suffered from a prolonged heat-wave and drought and some of the biggest and most disastrous forest fires since those of 1948. On July 26 it was reported that north of the Blind River four fires had joined together into a blaze of 100,000 acres, and this was only the culmination of a series which have sprung up all over the forest regions of Ontario and Quebec since the beginning of July. Every year Canada loses between 200 and 300 million cub. ft. of timber by forest fires, and the prevention and control of such fires as far as possible is the concern of the Department of Natural Resources Fire Control Service. Our photographs were taken at or near a provincial headquarters of this service at Lac La Rouge, in Saskatchewan, and show one dramatic method of attempting to control a fire as soon after the outbreak as possible and before it has time to get hold. Spotter aircraft fly over the forests and watch for



THE PARACHUTIST LANDS NEAR THE OUTBREAK AND GOES INTO ACTION BEFORE THE FIRE CAN SPREAD. THIS PARACHUTE SERVICE WAS ORGANISED EIGHT YEARS AGO AND HAS AMPLY PROVED ITS WORTH.

the first plumes of smoke. Immediately a fire is seen, the fact and the exact location are reported by radio to the headquarters, where men trained in fire-fighting and in parachute-jumping are always in readiness. In a matter of minutes a team of four are in the air, and soon afterwards dropping from the skies on a spot otherwise difficult of access, and able and equipped to smother the outbreak while it is still manageable.



UNVISITED BY A RULING MONARCH FOR NEARLY SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS, BUT WHERE THE QUEEN IS TO ATTEND DIVINE SERVICE: THE NAVE OF ST. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL, PEMBROKESHIRE.

The Queen has arranged to attend divine services in one of Britain's oldest and most remote cathedrals during her Welsh visit on August 6, 7 and 8. The Cathedral Church of St. David, named after Wales's patron saint, is situated in the deep hollow of the Alan Valley, less than a mile from the sea. To this lonely countryside, later this year to be the scene of the great pilgrimage of youth, the Royal visitors will come on August 7, and no doubt the beauty of the shrine and of its setting will impress them as it has impressed sightseers for

hundreds of years. The nave of the Cathedral, where the service will be held, is mainly late Norman in structure. The unique roof, carved from Irish oak, is of 1510, and perpetrates what is almost an architectural trick, since the delicate and beautiful arches that appear to carry the ceiling are themselves pendants of it. This may offend the purist, but where the effect is as fine as it is here, the layman will not be disposed to quarrel with the medieval architect. Our photograph shows the nave, looking from the west end towards the magnificent Rood

screen of Bishop Gower (1328-1347), who is himself buried at the south end behind the grilled recess. The statues beneath the mediæval woodwork at the top of the screen are quite modern, that of St. David, to the right of the arch, having been erected in this century. More modern still is the organ-case above the screen, installed as recently as 1953. But although the components of this lovely chamber are divided in time by almost eight centuries, they yet preserve an almost effortless harmony. The Sovereign's Stall, illustrated on another

page, was assigned to the reigning monarch in perpetuity by a Censual Prebend—that is, one who held an honorary prebendary in an itinerant rather than a residential capacity—during the reign of Henry VIII., but no sovereign has ever used it. It is unlikely to be occupied by her Majesty during the service, since it is somewhat removed from the nave, but she will doubtless be shown it, and perhaps sit in it for a moment to dispel at last the legend of nearly seven centuries of monarchical neglect. [Photograph by Vivian of Hereford.]



THOUGH MOST OF THE GRAVES HAVE SIMPLE WOODEN HEADBOARDS, MANY ARE MUCH MORE PERMANENT—LIKE THIS 'CAT'S GRAVE, WHICH ALSO CARRIES A WARNING AGAINST CAT THIEVES.

Continued.]

their pets. Most gardens, large or small, have a corner where a family's pets have been buried and sometimes a simple memorial of wood or stone erected. But this is now an urban civilisation, and though there are now probably more domestic pets than ever before, there are also relatively fewer—and smaller—gardens; and it is perhaps to meet a growing need that the P.D.S.A. has provided and maintains the Pets' Cemetery, near Ilford, Essex, where the photographs on this

(ABOVE.) A MEASURE OF THE AFFECTION THAT GROWS BETWEEN MAN AND BEAST: A VIEW OF PART OF THE P.D.S.A. PETS' CEMETERY, NEAR ILFORD, WHERE OVER 1000 ANIMALS ARE BURIED AND LOVINGLY RECORDED.

SINCE Homer recorded the recognition of Odysseus by his old hound *Argus* after a lapse of twenty years, writers and poets of many ages, and many countries, have borne witness to the love that grows between man and his animal companions—there come to mind Dr. Johnson's cat *Hodge*, Byron's dog *Boatswain*, buried with a monument and epitaph at Newstead Abbey, and Dickens' dog *Mrs. Bouncer*—and lesser mortals have loved, buried and mourned

(Continued, below.)



A CAT HERO'S GRAVE: THE STONE IN MEMORY OF *SIMON*, THE FAMOUS SHIP'S CAT OF H.M.S. *AMETHYST*, WHO SERVED THROUGHOUT THE YANGTSE INCIDENT AND WON THE DICKIN MEDAL.

page were taken. Here lie over a thousand animals of many kinds and sizes—from a horse to a budgerigar—famous animals, winners of the Dickin Medal for animal heroism, pets known only to the few who loved them, pets from far and near, Scotland, Devon, France and even Poland, most recorded on the simple wooden headboard which goes with the modest charge for a plot—but some, as our illustrations show, honoured with fine memorials of stone.

RECORDING DEEP AFFECTION AND A REAL SENSE OF GRIEF: A PETS' CEMETERY NEAR ILFORD.

A MESOPOTAMIAN HOUSE OF 5000 YEARS AGO PRESERVED IN A UNIQUE TERRA-COTTA MODEL FOUND AT MARI, MURAL PAINTINGS, AND NEW LIGHT ON THE CITY'S AKKADIAN PERIOD.

By **PROFESSOR ANDRÉ PARROT**, Chief Curator of the Louvre Museum, Professor of the Ecole du Louvre and Director of the French Expedition to Mari.
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FOR years now it has seemed to us impossible that Mari should not have passed through an Akkadian Period (twenty-fifth to twenty-third centuries B.C.). In our last article (*The Illustrated London News* of August 14, 1954—previous articles appeared in the issues of August 30, 1952, and October 31, 1953), we gave the reasons which decided us in favour of accepting this theory, particularly as we had previously found two cylinder seals, one in the name of Nam-Zi, and the other one dedicated to the god Anu, both of which bore characteristic scenes of that period. Yet we were not then in possession of the document which was to give us definite and irrefutable proof. This document is now in our possession, thanks to the discoveries made during a tenth campaign of excavation at Mari (October to December 1954). It was found under the following circumstances.

In December 1953 we had made a sounding at a distance of 70 metres from the sites of the temples of Ishtar and Nini-Zaza; this sounding had revealed

notorious for their greed and unscrupulousness. Nevertheless, occasionally we were able to pick up some silver jewellery (rings, bracelets, ear-rings, etc.) The bodies, lying in coffins consisting of great jars or pottery sarcophagi, were well protected. Often the infiltration of earth had not been able to penetrate



FIG. 1. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXCAVATIONS NEAR THE ASSYRIAN ZIGGURAT AT MARI. MARI IS NEAR ABU-KEMAL, WHERE THE EUPHRATES CROSSES THE SYRIA-IRAQ BORDER. IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE TEMPLE OF SHAMASH AND, IN THE BACKGROUND, THE TEMPLE OF NINHURSAG.

this *domus aeterna*, and when opened, we found the corpse intact after more than 2000 years. In a female sepulchre (Fig. 7) there could still be discerned, on

mysterious pieces which, for the time being, we have called "stirrups" (Fig. 3). A summary cleaning of three pieces alone (Figs. 4-6), revealed that each bore an inscription of which the historical importance is immense. Two of the texts, which Mr. Dossin was able to decipher on the spot, mention the names of two of the daughters of Naram-Sin, King of Akkad. The third refers to a scribe, but, unfortunately, the name of the god to whom he had dedicated the goblet was obliterated by oxidation.

This discovery is of capital importance, as it confirms, this time definitely, the existence of an Akkadian level at Mari. Furthermore, it establishes an archaeological dating for the groups of architecture which we had been unable to place in any other chronological phase, and which no sure criterion enabled us to place at this precise moment in history. Lastly, it reveals the fact that the city, which was destroyed at the end of the Early Dynastic Period—about the middle of the Third Millennium B.C.—was rapidly raised up again from its ruins, reinhabited and, what is most important, honoured by the Kings of Akkad. Now, we had always thought that it was precisely the Akkadians who were the despoilers of Mari! Can we still maintain this thesis after the discovery made this year, which clearly indicates that the daughters of one of the greatest sovereigns of Akkad, sent to, or deposited bronzes at Mari? Surely, then, the city was no longer considered by them as enemy territory, even if it had been so at one time? Therein lies an historical problem which doubtless only a more explicit epigraphical document will enable us to elucidate. But already these inscribed bronzes throw a vivid light on the affinities which connected

Akkad with the cities of the north. Naram-Sin, who had built a palace at Tell Brak, discovered by Professor M. E. L. Mallowan, could not be indifferent to Mari, which was situated on the same route, and we wondered if it was not also the best way for him to keep watch over it, to install two of his daughters, probably as



FIG. 2. FOUND IN A HOARD IN A HOUSE OF THE NEWLY DISCOVERED AKKADIAN LEVEL AT MARI: A BRONZE HOE, ON THE BLADE OF WHICH CAN BE SEEN A STAR SYMBOL, INDICATING SOME GOD.

the presence of a carefully built construction which it was obviously essential to clear entirely. In October 1954 we at once started to unite the two sections by a wide trench, so as to form one site, and to verify the extent of the temple areas. The sanctuaries did not appear to be continued in this direction, being on the contrary replaced in this section by houses and private residences. These buildings were grouped along the edges of streets and alleys, and when cleared gave us some valuable information concerning the method of town-planning in Mari, particularly during the Third and Second Millennia B.C. In fact, in that area, the dwellings were found to be in juxtaposition on the top of each other, the most recent ones, nearest the surface, having finally served as a cemetery during the Seleucid Period (Third and Second Millennia B.C.). Before, therefore, being able to uncover them, we were obliged to clear away the graveyard of which the tombs, in close proximity to each other, were always recovered by us intact. Doubtless their poor quality held no temptations for the robbers of antiquity,

the breast of the dead, a straw basket, overturned on a wooden casket, and an armful of flowers. The last tributes of love and affection brought there by sorrowing survivors and relatives.

Having cleared this necropolis, it became possible to study in detail the different occupation levels. First of all there were the houses of the First Dynastic Period of Babylon (beginning of the Second Millennium B.C.), followed by buildings based on identical plans, where, amongst other things, we found two hoards of bronze objects distinctly oxidised. Amongst these we were able to recognise bowls, a goblet, pruning-knives, a tray, a hoe (Fig. 2) and two



FIG. 3. TWO OBJECTS OF BRONZE, FOR THE PRESENT CALLED "STIRRUPS," ALTHOUGH THEIR TRUE PURPOSE IS NOT YET KNOWN. FROM THE SAME HOARD AS FIG. 2.

High-Priestesses, in either one or the other of the city sanctuaries.

Beneath the Akkadian level, Pre-Sargonic architecture made its appearance. The monument which we discovered in December 1953, now became entirely visible. It proved to be a smaller edifice than we had at first supposed (there were only six rooms), but

[Continued overleaf.]

RECORDS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE KING OF AKKAD, MURALS, AND AN ALTAR OF THE GODDESS NINHURSAG.



(LEFT.) FIG. 4. BEARING THE NAME OF A DAUGHTER OF NARAM-SIN, KING OF AKKAD: A BRONZE PORRINGER FOUND IN A HOARD OF BRONZE OBJECTS, EVIDENTLY HIDDEN IN A TIME OF DANGER.



(RIGHT.) FIG. 5. A BRONZE GOBLET BEARING THE NAME OF A SCRIBE OF THE AKKADIAN PERIOD. THE NAME OF THE GOD TO WHICH IT WAS DEDICATED HAS BEEN LOST BY OXIDISATION.



FIG. 6. A BRONZE BOWL BEARING THE NAME OF A DAUGHTER OF KING NARAM-SIN OF AKKAD. THIS, LIKE FIGS. 4 AND 5 HAS BEEN PARTLY CLEANED.



FIG. 7. A POTTERY SARCOPHAGUS OF THE SELEUCID PERIOD OPENED, TO REVEAL THE INTACT BURIAL OF A WOMAN, WITH A STRAW BASKET ON THE BREAST AND ON THE HEAD A WITHERED BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.



FIG. 8. IN THE TEMPLE OF NINHURSAG (THIRD MILLENNIUM, B.C.): SOME PAINT MURAL PAINTINGS OF BULLS AND A MAN WITH OUTSTRETCHED ARMS.



FIG. 9. AN ALTAR OF SUN-DRIED BRICKS OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE OF NINHURSAG. THE FRONTAL IS DECORATED WITH PILASTERS AND RECESSES PAINTED BLACK.

Continued.

it had been built with particular care. We named it the "Maison Rouge" to recall its reddish colour, due to a great fire which ravaged it towards the middle of the Third Millennium B.C. We believe that it must have been the private residence of an official. In one of the rooms we found on the ground the first three Pre-Sargonid tablets ever discovered at Mari. In the doorway, which opened on to a small alley, we found a huge piece of pottery from which, with further

pieces added shortly afterwards, we were subsequently able to reconstruct a monument of a style, up to the date of writing, unique in Mesopotamia, and of which we were to find another example intact the same year. This last (Figs. 10-11) was a magnificent architectural model (*maquette*) in terra-cotta which reproduced, on a small scale, a house consisting of nine rooms and courts. Enclosed within a circular wall, this edifice, with but a single entrance, is an

[Continued opposite.]

A MESOPOTAMIAN HOUSE OF 5000 YEARS AGO: A UNIQUE INTACT MODEL.



(ABOVE.) FIG. 10. MYSTERIOUS AND UNIQUE: A MODEL HOUSE OF THE THIRD MILLENNIUM B.C., AS IT WAS FOUND IN A STREET IN MARI, SURROUNDED WITH BRICKS AND FILLED WITH POTTERY.

Continued.

amazing example of the oldest form of architecture dating from the first half of the Third Millennium B.C. How, and as what, can it be identified? Neither emblem nor figured symbol suggest its recognition as a temple. The model was found entirely decorated with small pieces of ceramic of the same period. We had thought at first that it had been an offering of a funerary kind, but no corpse had been found in the immediate vicinity. Thus it could not be considered as the *domus aeterna* of a dead person. Besides, this votive offering was discovered in a street. It is difficult to understand the reason for such a place. Once again it is a mystery we are unable to explain. As well as clearing the residential quarters, we continued excavating in the temple areas, especially in the precincts of the Shamash and Ninur-sag sanctuaries (Fig. 1).

[Continued opposite.



FIG. 11. CLEARED OF ITS SETTING AND POTTERY: THE TERRA-COTTA MODEL OF A HOUSE OF NINE ROOMS OR COURTS, WITH A SINGLE ENTRANCE. IT SEEMS TO HAVE NO FUNERARY SIGNIFICANCE AND IS INDEED AT PRESENT UNEXPLAINED.

Continued.

In the first of these we were able to prove that the temple, which we discovered in 1953, concealed at least two others. In the second sanctuary, further rooms were added to those we had already cleared. One of these rooms, the floor of which had been hollowed out for hearths, connected with four terra-cotta *barcasses* (benches), we were able to identify as a temple. The wall was decorated with paintings (first half of the Third Millennium B.C.) in a very schematic style (Fig. 8), and in extremely simplified outline. Figures could be distinguished standing on bulls walking in ritual procession. Against the outer wall a large altar (Fig. 9) had been set up where the ceremonies took place and where the sacrifice was offered up. Doubtless the ram or the ewe, which the faithful carried in their arms and hugged to their breasts, was laid on the altar. We were able, thanks to our discovery of several small statuettes in the vicinity before the last war, to specify thus exactly the animal to be sacrificed and the manner of cult which had been celebrated here.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



CLOSE-UPS OF PORPOISES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

A method agreeing with this one in principle has long been in use by those photographing aquatic animals, for an aquarium is no more than a glass corral for watery subjects. It is not surprising, therefore, that those who could think in terms of mile-square corrals should plan an aquarium of comparable proportions. The idea was not new; the proportions were.



"THE CLOWNS OF THE SEA NOT ONLY AMUSE THE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF YEARLY VISITORS, BUT CONSTANTLY DEMONSTRATE A REMARKABLE INTELLIGENCE." THE FOLDS IN THE NECK-SHOULDER REGION OF THIS ADULT PORPOISE ARE, IN THIS INSTANCE, CAUSED BY TURNING THE HEAD SIDWAYS.

And so the "oceanarium" of Marine Studios, in Florida, was conceived, by W. Douglas Burden, who has been president of the company since its inception, and Ilia Tolstoy, grandson of the Russian author and philosopher.

Opened in 1938, the "oceanarium" consists of two tanks. One is circular, 75 ft. in diameter and 12 ft. deep. It contains 400,000 gallons of sea-water, constantly

It is, however, the porpoises that form the main attraction for upwards of a hundred visitors daily. These fortunate visitors can watch the porpoises being fed from the top deck, or may go down to the enclosed corridors, where 300 stout portholes of glass are let into the walls of the tanks. Although Marine Studios has been called an educational attraction, it is, in fact more than that. There are also facilities for scientific research and a number of treatises have already been published, particularly on the biology of the porpoises. And I would quote from the official brochure, from which these other details have been obtained, that the porpoises, "the clowns of the sea, not only amuse the hundreds of thousands of yearly visitors, but constantly demonstrate a remarkable intelligence."

Intelligence is a word on the definition of which no two people agree. There are probably few zoologists who would concur in crediting a porpoise with this indefinable quality. The published accounts of the behaviour of porpoises in Marine Studios leave no doubt that they are quick to learn. Their learning ability is best seen in their play. The best performers will retrieve a rubber bâton, ring a bell and raise a flag by jumping to pull a lanyard, or jump through a paper-covered hoop suspended above the tank. They can be taught such tricks, but they can also initiate games with their human attendants. Moreover, it has been reliably observed that a porpoise will strive to learn a trick and will work for the satisfaction of achievement. There seems also to be a spirit of fun in its make-up, as when a porpoise will take a fish fed to it, drop it among a group of carnivorous fishes and, just as they are about to seize it, whisk the dead fish away, swim around and try the same teasing trick again. Balancing a feather on the snout, or chasing one being swirled in the inlet current of water, are favourite games. Or, better: finding a feather, taking it to the incoming current, chasing it as it is swirled away, and bringing it back to start again.

Observations of this sort, and also those made on the family life of the porpoises, form no more than a promising beginning. We can look forward, however, to an accumulation of knowledge in the future that will shed considerable light on the ways of these familiar yet little-known marine animals. The photographs shown on this page, through the kindness of Mr. Frank S. Essapian, illustrate another piece of information that could hardly have been obtained except by facilities of the kind provided at Marine Studios.

For me, one of the most fascinating results of the studies at Marine Studios is the suggestion that porpoises have a play culture. In any group there



GATHERING SPEED FOR A LEAP OUT OF THE WATER, THIS FEMALE DISPLAYS BODY FOLDS, AND THERE ARE SIMILAR FOLDS ON THE HEAD OF THE PURSUING MALE.

The "other piece of information" referred to by Dr. Burton and illustrated in Mr. Frank S. Essapian's photographs taken in the Marine Studios, Florida, and reproduced on this page, relates



DISPLAYING SKIN FOLDS AT THE PEAK OF ACCELERATION, THIS EIGHTEEN-MONTH-OLD PORPOISE HOLDS IN HER MOUTH THE FISH SHE HAS JUST SEIZED. THE HARD, TOUGH BODY OF THE PORPOISE GIVES NO APPARENT INDICATION THAT THE SKIN IS NEVERTHELESS PLIANT AND LOOSE.

to the transformation of skin contours which takes place when porpoises accelerate their speed in excess of their normal rate, or when they come to a sudden stop after swimming rapidly.

than with guns. Their experiences in the jungle seem to have been similar, if on a larger scale, to those of all animal photographers—namely, that their best subjects eluded the camera by simply slipping away into the vastness of the forest. Their solution, also, was similar to that of many other animal photographers, but again on a much larger scale. They built a corral measuring a mile each way. Into this they herded the animals they wanted to photograph and used their cameras from the top of the enclosing stockade.

changing, 3000 gallons being filtered, aerated and forced into the tank every minute. The second tank is 100 ft. long by 40 ft. wide, and 18 ft. deep in the centre. It has a capacity of 450,000 gallons. The first tank, if so massive a structure can be described in this way, is reserved mainly for porpoises. In the second are kept those things considered more dangerous, the sharks, rays, moray eels and the notorious barracuda—"considered" more dangerous, for, divers have worked among them each day for years without serious incident.

will be young of varying ages, all capable of learning and also initiating games. And a new game invented by an older youngster has been learned by its younger playmates, who in turn pass it on to the next generation.

It may, indeed, be wrong to assume a purposive benevolence on the part of a porpoise towards a drowning man. The animal may not be able to think that far, but there can be little doubt, from what is already known, that it is easy to underrate its mental equipment.



DWARFING THE MAN INSIDE ITS GAPING MOUTH, SOME 70 FT. IN DIAMETER: THE ENTRANCE OF THE U.S. NATIONAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE FOR AERONAUTICS' TRANSONIC WIND TUNNEL AT LANGLEY AERONAUTICAL LABORATORY, VIRGINIA.

Although experiments in wind tunnels cannot wholly replace full-scale tests with actual aircraft, modern wind tunnels, which can reproduce flying conditions at from 300 miles an hour to speeds of ten times that of sound, are to-day increasingly used to solve the aeronautical problems of to-morrow, and to give scientists a vision of the shape of aircraft of the more distant future. In the early years of the last war, wind tunnels were relatively simple in design and construction, built at a cost of a few thousand pounds. Those of to-day are major engineering projects, costing millions of pounds. Britain's largest wind tunnel, now being built by the Ministry of Supply at the National Aeronautical Establishment near Bedford, occupies a 20-acre site and has cost about £5,000,000. There, aerodynamic research into hypersonic speeds—perhaps in the region of 15,000 miles

an hour—will ultimately be carried out. Some of its test gear is claimed to be equal or superior to anything of its kind in the world. So smooth are the insides of the tunnels that even a postage-stamp stuck on the wall can completely upset the even balance and uniform flow of air streaming past at up to 3000 miles an hour. Many of the details of this and similar projects are still highly secret. The photograph on this page shows the mouth of the great transonic wind tunnel at Langley Aeronautical Laboratory, Virginia, built for experimental purposes by the U.S. National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. Some 70 ft. in diameter, the tunnel narrows to 16 ft. in the actual test section. The air vents round the circumference of the opening section drain off warm, slow-moving air close to the tunnel wall and replace it with cool air from outside.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IT was when I was a very small boy that I first learnt, from my mother, the art of striking cuttings of plants, especially the lemon-scented verberna, *Aloysia citriodora*, a

plant of which she was extremely fond. At about this time of year she would take cuttings from an ancient specimen which grew at the foot of a greenhouse wall in the kitchen garden. Sometimes she would take the soft tips of the shoots, and sometimes rather harder, half-ripe pieces from a little lower down the stem. With a sharp knife she would trim away all but the topmost leaves—they are mostly arranged on the stem in whorls of three—and then, having trimmed the base of the stem with a clean cut immediately below the lowermost leaves, she would dibble the prepared cuttings into a 5-in. pot filled with rather sandy potting loam. She pressed them in firmly, covered them with an inverted tumbler, and then kept this self-contained miniature propagating greenhouse on her bedroom window-sill, until the cuttings were rooted and ready to be potted-up in small pots. In a few weeks' time she would have a batch of fine, bushy little pot verbenas ready for giving away to friends.

And what more welcome garden gift could be found than a hearty young lemon verberna plant, all ready for planting out in the open at the foot of some warm, sunny wall? I have never yet met anyone, even among the most exalted and wealthy amateur gardeners, who was not enchanted to be given one. And what real pleasure one can dispense among visiting garden friends from a well-established verberna bush. A single leaf, or a six-inch sprig to sniff at in going round the beds and the borders is always welcomed, whilst a whole 2-ft. branch, lopped off and given to a town-dweller or garden-less or verberna-less visitor, usually makes them feel that at last they are really rich in something.

On a window-sill almost at my elbow sits a 5-in. flower-pot, planted with half-a-dozen verberna cuttings under an inverted tumbler—tribute to the lovely mother who taught me. Lemon-scented verberna was not the only plant she propagated on her bedroom window-sill. Fuchsias and all sorts of other manavilins were raised there. But her most sensational success was with a Stone Pine, *Pinus pinea*. As a youth I knocked about at the Cape for three years, after which time I settled down there for life, and then came home at a moment's—an inspired moment's—notice. Soon after my return home my mother, in going through some of my more ancient clothes for giving away—or, more likely, for destruction—came upon some large, hard seeds in a waistcoat pocket. They were seeds of the Stone Pine, *Pinus pinea*, the kernels of which make such rich and pleasant eating. They were the remains of some which I had picked up at the Cape, pocketed, and forgotten. They were promptly sown on the famous window-sill. One came up, and a year or two later my mother presented me with a sturdy young 2-ft. Stone Pine tree in a 9-in. pot. This I planted out near the rock garden on my nursery at Stevenage.

In case you do not know the Stone Pine, I can not do better than refer you to the Italian landscapes of Richard

PROPAGATING PLANTS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

Wilson. He frequently introduced those unmistakable trees, with their tall, bare trunks and heads of foliage like great flattened balloons of sombre green. My specimen at Stevenage developed a stout, bare trunk and a huge balloon of dark foliage. But bulky though the whole specimen was, I was unable to stand upright under the wide span of its lowermost branches. At the age of thirty-four or thirty-five the tree died by misadventure. Fire got into the mass of dead, dry pine needles among its branches. In a way, I am glad this happened. It would have been hateful to leave it living at Stevenage to go down under the remorseless spread of the satellite town.

All I have now are a 3-ft. section of the trunk, which has a diameter of almost a couple of feet—and a whole packet of memories.

It surprises me how many quite keen and accomplished amateur gardeners seem content to carry on year after year without any sort of adequate equipment for propagating plants. Home propagating is such interesting work, so relatively easy to manage, and so very rewarding. The necessary equipment can be quite simple. It need cost little and will occupy little space in the garden. All that is really needed is a cold frame, and an excellent type is one with

sides built of brick, or breeze-blocks. A very good type of frame-light is the sort known as a Dutch light, a wooden frame fitted with one single sheet of glass. Dutch lights are smaller than the usual lights fitted with many small panes of glass; they are lighter and much easier to handle, and are relatively inexpensive.

With a simple, single frame of this kind the amateur can raise an immense number of plants for his garden—and for giving away to friends. Seeds may be raised which could not be raised without the frame, and a wide range of plants may be struck from cuttings, or established from "Irishman's cuttings." A good plan is to devote half the frame to a sand-bed for striking cuttings and for heeling-in and resuscitating young plants, gifts, and so forth, which are showing signs of exhaustion or resentment after perhaps a tough spell of rough travel. The sand-bed, kept in place by a board, should consist of good, clean silver or river sand to a depth of 6 or 9 ins. If it is kept moist at all times, such a sand-bed is ideal for striking cuttings of all kinds, shrubs,

herbaceous plants, Alpines and the rest, and it is the ideal first-aid rest-centre for tired, collected plants. Heeled comfortably into the cool, moist sand and kept shaded, shocked and travel-shattered plants will usually rally from death's very door.

The other half of the frame may be provided with a clean, even floor of cinders and used as a parking-place for pots and pans of seedlings as well as more cuttings in more pans. Such a frame may be used, too, for wintering certain plants which are not quite reliably hardy in the open; such things, for instance, as *Echeverias*, the yellow and bronze "bedding" calceolarias, and those brilliant sun-lovers, the gazanias, among which such lovely many-coloured hybrids have been raised in recent years. A frame consisting of one single Dutch light only will

make all the difference in any small garden, while a flight of two or three lights will naturally give greater scope, especially in the matter of wintering some of the not-quite-hardies.

That last remark is, I fear, somewhat of a peep into the obvious. I make no apology. Frame-room is so valuable in the amateur's garden, and so often ignored, that it can not be too strongly emphasized. But even with a bedroom window-sill, a pot-full of soil and an inverted tumbler, miracles in propagation may be achieved, as witness my mother's Stone Pine, with its 20-ft. stature, its trunk-girth of 6 ft. or so, and its head of foliage as big as a cottage—a little cottage.



BRILLIANT SUN-LOVERS: A BED OF GAZANIA HYBRIDS, WHICH OF RECENT YEARS HAVE INCLUDED A NUMBER OF SINGULARLY BEAUTIFUL COLOUR FORMS.
Photographs by R. A. Malby and Co.



A STRIKING FEATURE OF RICHARD WILSON'S ITALIAN LANDSCAPES—AND A NOBLE TREE FOR ENGLISH GARDENS: *PINUS PINEA*, THE STONE PINE, WHOSE EDIBLE SEEDS WERE LONG AGO SENT FROM ITALY TO THE ROMAN SOLDIERS IN BRITAIN.

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

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PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



LEADING HIS PLATOON PAST THE SALUTING-BASE AT SANDHURST: THE DUKE OF KENT.

On July 28 the Duke of Kent took part in the Sovereign's Parade of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, at which the Duke of Edinburgh was the inspecting officer and took the salute. It was the Duke of Kent's last parade before receiving the Queen's commission. He was watched by the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alexandra and Prince Michael as he led his platoon past the saluting-base.



FLEW THE CHANNEL IN A COPY OF BLÉRIOT'S AIRCRAFT: M. JEAN SALIS.

M. Jean Salis, aged fifty-nine, seen above in the cockpit of his machine before the flight, flew across the Channel from Calais to Dover on July 28 in an aircraft similar to that in which Louis Blériot crossed for the first time on July 25, 1909. M. Salis passed over the English coast five miles west of the point where Blériot landed at Dover. The flight took 74 minutes. The aircraft, which possessed only two instruments, is reported to have behaved perfectly. M. Salis knew Louis Blériot and was his pupil. The venture was conceived to mark the anniversary of Blériot's flight.



RETURNING FOR HIS DIAMOND JUBILEE: THE SULTAN OF JOHORE.

On July 29 the Sultan of Johore began his journey home to Malaya with his wife (seen on the left in the above photograph), his five-year-old daughter, Princess Meriam, and her Swiss nanny. The Sultan, who has ruled longer than anyone in the whole of Asia, is returning to take part in special celebrations of his Diamond Jubilee as Sultan and of his eighty-second birthday on September 7.



VISITING AN R.A.F. STATION: THE SULTAN OF MUSCAT.

During his visit to this country the Sultan of Muscat and Oman has been seeing aspects of British life. On July 28 he visited the Royal Air Force station at Upwood and inspected aircraft and crews, and then watched a flying display. A new treaty of friendship, commerce and navigation between Britain and the Sultan was signed in 1951.



LIEUT.-GENERAL C. V. R. SCHUYLER OF THE UNITED STATES. WELCOMING GERMAN OFFICERS AT S.H.A.P.E.:

The first officers of the Federal German Republic to be attached to S.H.A.P.E. were greeted by Lieut.-General Schuyler, Chief of Staff, on their arrival. Seen above in civilian suits, they are (l. to r.): Lieut.-Colonel Hukelheim, Colonel Bayer, Colonel Heuser (hidden), General Speidel (shaking hands with Lieut.-General Schuyler), Colonel Kieltmansegg, Captain Busch, Colonel Von Plato and Lieut.-Colonel Schwerdtseger.



PERMANENT SECRETARY, MINISTRY OF HOUSING: DAME EVELYN SHARP.

The first woman Civil Servant in Britain to become head of a Government Department, Dame Evelyn Sharp will succeed Sir T. Sheepshanks as Permanent Secretary, Ministry of Housing and Local Government in October.



JUNIOR UNDER OFFICER J. GILLING: AWARDED A CEREMONIAL SASH.

The Princess Royal took the salute at the Passing Out Parade of Officer Cadets at the W.R.A.C. School of Instruction, on July 27. The winner of the ceremonial sash was Junior Under Officer Joan Gilling.



DIED ON JULY 25, AGED SEVENTY-FIVE: ADMIRAL SIR PERCY NOBLE.

Admiral Sir Percy Noble was Fourth Sea Lord, 1935-37; C-in-C. China Station, 1938-40, and from 1941-42 he was C-in-C. Western Approaches, and from 1942-44 Head of the British Naval Delegation in Washington.



DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE WINNER: MR. J. T. GOULDING.

Mr. J. T. Goulding (Deptford) (left) won the race for the Doggett's Coat and Badge, the oldest established annual event in the British sporting calendar, on July 27 in 26 mins. 10 secs. Mr. H. G. Pace (Gravesend) was second in 28 mins. 25 secs., and Mr. D. Field (Millwall) was last. Mr. Goulding is being congratulated by Mr. T. Taylor, a former winner.



TO HEAD AN EASTER ISLAND EXPEDITION: MR. THOR HEYERDAHL. THE NORWEGIAN EXPLORER WHO CROSSED THE PACIFIC IN KON TIKI.

Mr. Thor Heyerdahl, leader of the *Kon Tiki* voyage, is to head a Norwegian archaeological expedition to Easter Island (official permission for excavations having been given by the Chilean authorities) and the Eastern Pacific. The party of twenty men, which includes three well-known archaeologists, will leave Oslo on September 1 on board the deep-sea fishing-boat *Chr. Bjelland*, and hope to return in a year.



DISCUSSING THE NEW MAYFLOWER: MR. W. BAKER, THE AMERICAN NAVAL ARCHITECT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PLANS (LEFT), AND MR. J. LOWE.

The official keel-laying ceremony of the full-scale reproduction of the *Mayflower*, the ship which carried the Pilgrim Fathers across the Atlantic in 1620, is illustrated on another page. Mr. William Baker, the designer, is here seen with Mr. John Lowe, Director of the British group sponsoring the project, discussing constructional details. When finished next year the new *Mayflower* is to retrace the voyage of the original *Mayflower*.



SHOWING HOW THE REEDS ARE DRAWN IN AND LACED TOGETHER: THE YELLOW BITTERN (*IXOBRYCHUS SINENSIS*) ON ITS NEST, TRYING TO LOOK LIKE A REED.



RAISING HER CREST IN THREAT: THE YELLOW BITTERN ON HER NEST IN THE REED-BEDS OF A RICE-GROWING AREA NEAR THE VILLAGE OF GINTING, PENANG ISLAND.



THE COCK YELLOW BITTERN HOLDING IN HIS BEAK FOOD FOR HIS CHICKS WHICH HE HAS REGURGITATED. UNTIL THESE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN THE YELLOW BITTERN WAS NOT PROVED TO BE A BREEDING BIRD OF MALAYA.



THE COCK YELLOW BITTERN SHIELDING A YOUNG BIRD FROM THE HEAT OF THE SUN. THE CHICK KEPT ON BUTTING ITS PARENT AND CAUSING HIM CONSTANTLY TO SHIFT HIS POSITION IN THE NEST.

THE YELLOW BITTERN IN ITS HABITAT: UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS WHICH PROVE IT TO BE A BREEDING BIRD OF MALAYA.

On a number of occasions we have published remarkable bird photographs by Mr. Loke Wan Tho, of Singapore. We here reproduce further examples, showing the Yellow Bittern (*Ixobrychus sinensis*) in its habitat. They were taken in the reed-beds of a rice-growing area near the village of Ginting, Penang Island, Malaya, and until they were obtained, the Yellow Bittern was not proved to be a breeding bird of Malaya. Previously it was believed to have been merely a passage migrant.

It is not uncommon in the "bindang" of Ginting, and several nests were found at the time—the month of August—when these pictures were obtained. The nest is astonishingly small for the size of the bird and is raised some 4 ft. above the water-level, with the reeds above drawn in and laced into a sort of canopy. When they changed over at the nest, the adults politely raised their crests at each other; and when they heard any unusual noise the crests were raised in threat.



THE CHESTNUT BITTERN (*IXOBRYCHUS CINNAMOMEUS*) FURTIVELY APPROACHING HER NEST IN THE REEDS: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN REED-BEDS IN PENANG



SHOWING THE TYPICAL DARK LINE DOWN THE CENTRE OF THE BREAST AND THE "ROUGH STITCHING" ON EACH SIDE OF IT: THE CHESTNUT BITTERN SITTING.



THE COCK CHESTNUT BITTERN BEFORE SITTING ON THE EGGS IN THE NEST: HE IS FLUFFING OUT HIS FEATHERS BEFORE SETTLING DOWN.



ABOUT TO INCUBATE THE EGGS: THE CHESTNUT BITTERN, FEATHERS FLUFFED OUT, TAKING UP A POSITION ON THE NEST, SITUATED AMID REEDS.

THE CHESTNUT BITTERN: A RESIDENT BREEDING BIRD OF MALAYA, IN ITS HABITAT, REVEALED IN VIVID PHOTOGRAPHS.

The Chestnut Bittern (*Ixobrychus cinnamomeus*) lives in the same sort of habitat as the Yellow Bittern, but is not so shy a bird. Unlike the Yellow Bittern, it is known to be a resident breeding bird all the way down the Malay Peninsula to the island of Singapore. The nest is larger and more untidy than that of *Ixobrychus sinensis* and is also placed lower down in the reeds, often just above water-level. The cock is a handsome bird in his coat of chestnut; the hen is duller-looking. It is surprising how quietly these birds are able to move about; there is hardly a

splash as they walk through the water; hardly a rustle as they slip through the reeds. Mr. Loke Wan Tho, of Singapore, whose remarkable camera pictures are well known to our readers, took the photographs of the Chestnut Bittern about a month after those of the Yellow Bittern; and he expresses indebtedness to Mr. J. Cairns, of Penang, for discovering and showing him the nests at which they were taken. These splendid photographs of both Yellow and Chestnut Bitterns will be reproduced in colour in one of our forthcoming issues.



IN a recent issue of a Paris illustrated magazine a citizen of Montreal rebuked the editor for printing "St. Catherine St." when what he should have said was "Rue Sainte Catherine," for, protested the aggrieved one, Montreal, with 1,500,000 inhabitants, is the second greatest French-speaking city in the world, where 70 per cent. of the population is French-speaking in an alien milieu; he continued with other cogent arguments to the effect that the people of Montreal are more French than the people of Paris and, on the whole, more Catholic than the Pope. It is easy to smile at this sturdy provincialism, but I find there is something rather fine and touching about this clinging devotedly to one's origins instead of wandering rootless over the face of the earth; and, anyway, who are we to break into supercilious laughter, we who have so often wrapped ourselves up in our own insular prejudices the moment we were exported from these islands, and have endeavoured to impose the accents and habits of suburbia upon every corner of the globe?

Not to fall into the error of the Paris editor, I acknowledge, with many thanks, a letter from an address in Montreal—Lincoln Avenue—and hastily translate into French thus—Avenue Lincoln—containing a selection of earthenware and porcelain teapots from a private collection which appears to be extensive, varied and of high quality, and, again deferring to the Frenchness of Montreal—give pride of place to a Paris teapot (Fig. 3), which, if it is all it seems to be in the photograph, must be of unusual rarity; first, from the mere fact that it is a teapot (for the French, unlike ourselves, have never elevated that useful object to the status of a household god and, consequently, have not multiplied it by the million), and second, because it comes from one of the small Paris workplaces which were overshadowed by the fame of Sèvres. There were several of them making hard-paste porcelain from about 1770, some enjoying the very useful protection of members of the Royal family, among them one in the Rue Thiroux, started about 1775 by a man named Leboeuf under the protection of Queen Marie-Antoinette. Its productions were known as "*Porcelaine de la Reine*," and the mark, from about the year of its foundation until 1793, was a capital A beneath a crown. Naturally, the Revolution changed all that, and for a brief period—apparently less than two years (1797-98)—it carried on under the ownership of Guy and

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. TEA-TIME IN MONTREAL.

By FRANK DAVIS.

liking for a decorative arrangement of cornflowers in green, blue and pink, a design known as "the Angoulême sprig," devised at this little factory and frequently copied elsewhere. I have the impression that the productions of these and other late-starters in porcelain manufacture—nearly all of them, be it noted, dating from after the discovery of the kaolin deposits near Limoges, which made hard-paste, that is true porcelain, a commercial possibility—are not held in very high regard by those who are, not unnaturally, enthralled by the quality of the earlier experiments in soft-paste and, in due course, hard-paste at the more famous establishments.

To quote Mr. W. B. Honey in his "French Porcelain" (Faber and Faber), "The hard-paste material and the styles of decoration employed on this later French porcelain were without any strong individuality and unmarked pieces are commonly difficult to assign to particular factories. The mannered but often delicately painted Louis XVI. designs were succeeded by the pompous Empire styles, all largely imitated from Sèvres. Specimens from the four quasi-Royal factories are often equal to the Sèvres productions in hard-paste." I should add that the other two factories under the protection of members of the Royal family were at Clignancourt (the Comte de Provence, brother of Louis XVI.) and in the Faubourg St. Denis (the Comte d'Artois, his second brother). The English will perhaps be intrigued by the enterprise of a certain compatriot of theirs, Christopher Potter,

young Josiah Wedgwood, for bringing to such perfection the creams and greens required to manufacture this type of ware, and especially the greens, which, for some unexplained reason, had been scarcely used in English pot-houses since the Middle Ages.



FIG. 1. PROBABLY LEEDS POTTERY c. 1780: A TEAPOT WITH AN IMITATION CHINESE DESIGN, BLUE-AND-WHITE.

"What a little odd is the spout; the best authority I know on this particular ware tells me he has never seen one like it, and what appears from the photograph to be the quality of the glaze makes him think of Staffordshire rather than of Leeds."

Illustrations by courtesy of Mrs. H. Britten, of Montreal.



FIG. 2. DATING FROM THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY: TWO TYPICAL STAFFORDSHIRE TRANSFER-PRINTED TEAPOTS.

These pieces "are described as cottage pottery, early nineteenth-century black-on-white and blue-on-white—I presume transfer-printed—that is, not painted by hand but the pattern transferred to the object by means of transfer-papers, a practice which began in the 1750's."

who chose an unfortunate moment to begin operations, 1789, the year of the Revolution, in the Rue de Crussol, and called his establishment "*Manufacture du Prince de Galles*." I wonder how much money he lost and what happened to him? He seems to have held out for three years. His mark was simplicity itself, "Potter, Paris." The dress of the woman who forms the lid handle in Fig. 3 is decorated with small sprigs in gold. The vertical decoration on the body of the pot consists of green vine-leaves and red berries between blue and gold lines.

The other three illustrations will be more familiar. There must be, for example, few who glance at this page who are not on nodding terms with the Thomas Whieldon cauliflower type of teapot of Fig. 4, which my correspondent modestly describes as either original Whieldon or a good copy. What an odd fashion that was in the middle of the eighteenth century, to disguise such things as teapots and covered dishes of all kinds in the shape of vegetables! Nor was the fashion by any means confined to the rustic potters of Staffordshire: witness the asparagus-top dishes put out by the sophisticated Chelsea porcelain factory, and other similar whimsies, all over Europe. I am alone in the



FIG. 3. AN EXAMPLE OF "*PORCELAINE DE LA REINE*": A PARISIAN TEAPOT, c. 1775-1793.

This teapot, from a private collection in Montreal discussed by Frank Davis on this page, is an example of the "*Porcelaine de la Reine*" produced in the establishment founded in the Rue Thiroux by a man named Leboeuf under the protection of Queen Marie-Antoinette.

Housel, who used the mark in red "G. H., Rue Thiroux à Paris." Another small establishment was that started in 1780 in the Rue de Bondy, under the protection of the Duc d'Angoulême, which had a rather longer life, surviving until about 1829. It is of particular interest for a somewhat sentimental reason: the unfortunate Queen is said to have had a special

world, as far as I know, in finding the very idea of drinking tea from an imitation cauliflower or cabbage downright revolting; no doubt a skilful probe into my subconscious would reveal nightmare memories of school-cooked greens; our ancestors were obviously of tougher fibre. But however uncouth the notion, all praise and glory to Whieldon and his then partner,



FIG. 4. PROBABLY MADE DURING THE WHIELDON-WEDGWOOD PARTNERSHIP, 1754-1759: A CAULIFLOWER TEAPOT.

"What an odd fashion that was in the middle of the eighteenth century, to disguise such things as teapots and covered dishes of all kinds in the shape of vegetables!"

to end where I began, in the Rue Thiroux—anyone who, between now and November 2, pays a visit to the Marie-Antoinette Exhibition at Versailles will find there three beautiful examples of this rare "*Porcelaine de la Reine*"—a little cream jug, lent by the Victoria and Albert Museum, and a cup and saucer and a small bowl, with its plate, lent by Monsieur A. Simonet.

"WINCHESTER 60 GENERATIONS": HISTORY IN CITY TREASURES.



WORN AT AN OFFICIAL LUNCH IN LONDON IN 1863 BY THE MAYOR OF WINCHESTER, MR. WILLIAM FORDER: A WAISTCOAT EMBROIDERED WITH NATIONAL EMBLEMS.



SHOWING A BUILDING WHICH MAY BE WINCHESTER CASTLE: THE MEDIEVAL SEAL OF THE CITY (OBVERSE). THE LEGEND WHEN COMPLETE READS SIGILL; CIVIUM; WINTONIENSUM. (22 by 19 ins.)



WORN BY THE MAYOR OF WINCHESTER AT A GUILDHALL BALL IN LONDON IN 1863 ON THE OCCASION OF THE GRANTING OF THE FREEDOM OF THAT CITY TO THE PRINCE OF WALES: A PARCHMENT SATIN WAISTCOAT.



WINCHESTER ART OF THE LATE SAXON PERIOD: A CARVED IVORY PANEL, EARLY ELEVENTH CENTURY A.D. (Copyright, Warburg Institute.)



WINCHESTER OLD WEIGHTS AND MEASURES. IN FRONT (L. TO R.), WOOL WEIGHTS, EDWARD III. (c. 1340); WINCHESTER BUSHEL, HENRY VII.; ELIZABETH I. WEIGHTS. THE CIRCULAR CENTRAL WEIGHT AND THAT ABOVE IT ARE ELIZABETH I.; AT THE TOP (L. AND R.) ARE A WILLIAM III. QUART, AND A GEORGE I. WEIGHT.



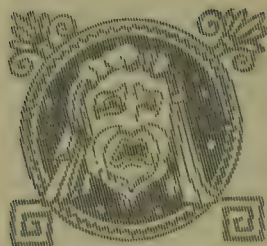
A LEAD TRIAL PIECE FOR A WINCHESTER MINT ISSUE OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR ON WHICH THE DIE-CUTTER, WHO WAS WORKING FOR A MONEYSER CALLED AESTAN, TESTED HIS DIES. IT WAS FOUND ON THE MIDDLE BROOK STREET SITE IN 1953.

"Winchester Sixty Generations," the recent exhibition of City Treasures at the Guildhall, Winchester, which was honoured by a visit from the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh when they went to the city on July 25 for the two-fold anniversary celebrations, attempted to illustrate the continuity of the ancient city's history and the developments of some aspects of the civic constitution. The earliest documents shown were the two charters of Henry II. and though, before that period the written word is silent, the story was carried back further by coins and archaeological specimens to represent the dozen centuries of Winchester's existence before 1155. On this page we reproduce one or two of the exceptionally interesting exhibits in this historic display, which included Pre-Roman and Roman finds, Saxon finds, objects illustrating the Winchester Mint, Early Trade and



THE GREAT SEAL FROM THE SECOND CHARTER (1588), GRANTED BY ELIZABETH I. TO THE CITY OF WINCHESTER (OBVERSE L.; REVERSE R.). A FINE IMPRESSION, PRACTICALLY PERFECT, IN BROWN WAX. (Diameter, 5.7 ins.)

Industry and Public Services, as well as the Charters and Documents. The Winchester collection of old weights and measures is the finest in the country, and it is a remarkable fact that the standards have been preserved in the city since their date of issue, and were not discarded when they became obsolete. The set of wool weights of Edward III. is unique; and the largest one, which is shown, is of 91 lb. The bronze yard of Henry VII. (not shown in our photograph) is older than any in the National collection. Standards issued by Elizabeth I. are very well represented and include a gallon and a quart (behind the Edward III. wool weights in our photograph). A Henry VII. gallon and quart are shown behind the Elizabeth I. bell-shaped weights on the right of the picture. The carved ivory panel may have formed part of the cover of a gospel-book.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA

NO SURGE, NO THUNDER.

By ALAN DENT.



A VERY superior colleague in criticism, well aware of my utter deficiency in Greek, once turned to me when I was chortling at the "Lysistrata" of Aristophanes in Regent's Park—in an English translation, of course—and remarked:—"Believe me, it's much funnier in the original." This seemed to me—and still seems—a capital example of priggishness in Samuel Butler's accurate use of that word:—

"The essence of priggishness is setting up to be better than one's neighbour." By the same token and definition Ben Jonson, that superior bricklayer, was a bit of a prig when he told Shakespeare, practically to his face, that he had "small Latin and less Greek." But it is little comfort to me, confronted with a film made out of the "Odyssey" of Homer, to realise—by no means for the first time in my life—that I have very small Latin and no Greek at all.

The film, "Ulysses," begins with a vista of heaving, purple billows. "A-ha," said I to myself, "this is Homer's wine-dark sea!" But even then, and before the film had gone an inch further, I remembered that Homer's latest and most popular translator, Mr. E. V. Rieu, has been informing us—exasperatingly and even a shade priggishly—that "wine-dark" is not a good translation, though he has been obliged to use it himself for lack of anything closer. This is what he says:—"Over the 'wine-dark' sea I have abandoned my own principles and thrown up my pen in despair. I know that it is wrong and ought to be 'wine-faced' or something to that effect. But the English language has failed me, just as it fails me, though for other reasons, when I am tempted to write of the 'fishy' sea. What a pity it is that so natural an epithet should have been reserved by us for such unsavoury uses."

Mr. Rieu sets us all right about some other matters as well. I have long been aware that I deliberately mispronounce Zeus with two syllables because I prefer it that way. At almost my first Bloomsbury party I deliberately mis-rendered Burns's famous couplet:—

O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves—like Jove or Zeus!

and I can still remember the bespectacled glare with which an angry young prig hissed "Zooss!" at me, utterly ruining my jocosity in the process. It now appears that I am to call the hero of the "Odyssey" not Odysseus but *Oddissooss*. Mr. Rieu is quite categorical on the subject:—"Eus is a diphthong. Zeus rhymes with *puce*, and Odysseus has three syllables only." I cannot help having a sneaking sympathy with the film's makers who evade this difficulty by calling the hero "Ulysses" instead, though this would appear to be quite wrong also, since Homer nowhere does so. It is all very, very difficult.

The film, on the other hand, is all very, very easy. It really has nothing much to do with Homer. It is all about Mr. Kirk Douglas, looking handsome in a hairy way, who wanders round the Mediterranean and keeps his wife Penelope waiting ten years in Ithaca. Among his beguilers Calypso has inexcusably been dropped entirely, and Circe is very perversely played by the same actress, Miss Silvana Mangano, who plays Penelope. The reason behind this double assignment? It cannot have been economy, since we have been repeatedly told that the film was made at the cost of a cool million pounds. It cannot have been psychology, since no hero, least of all an ancient Greek hero, can possibly be imagined as succumbing to a lady because she is exactly like the wife he ought to be at home with. No, it must have been a very

natural presumption on the part of the film's makers that we should want to see as much of Miss Mangano as possible. One can only marvel at their not yielding to the temptation to let her play Nausicaa—not to mention Calypso—as well. As it is, Miss Mangano must be said to achieve the feat of making Penelope and Circe absolutely identical. They are both of

them like Tennyson's Maud—"faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null."

For the rest Mr. Douglas

credited with the "screenplay" are Messrs. Franco Brusati, Mario Camerini, Ennio de Concini, Hugh Gray, Ben Hecht, Ivo Perilli, and Irwin Shaw.

An infinitely less pretentious film called "Soldier of Fortune" is infinitely more enjoyable because it does not pretend to be anything other than a swagger melodrama. It is all about an American rogue (Clark Gable) in Hong Kong who lives by smuggling anything and everything in and out of China proper. The anything and everything includes the husband of a young lady (Susan Hayward) who has been imprisoned at Canton for taking photographs in the course of his work as a journalist. This Mrs. Hoyt tells this adventurer, Hank Lee, that she will do anything to get her husband back. So Hank Lee gets him back, even though it involves kidnapping a Hong Kong police-

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



CLARK GABLE IN "SOLDIER OF FORTUNE."

In selecting Mr. Clark Gable for his choice, Mr. Dent writes: "The most sheerly competent piece of acting in the past fortnight has certainly been that of the veteran Clark Gable in 'Soldier of Fortune,' as the adventurer called Hank Lee, an American living luxuriously on his wits in Hong Kong. He is variously described as a Yank-in-exile, a gun-runner, a hi-jacker of all trades, and Mr. Gable, with his superb competence, his bitter smile, his sophisticated eyes, and his assurance that always miraculously remains on the right side of self-complacency, keeps the character very much more interesting than the film itself."

capers round the Mediterranean in a Fairbanksian rather than a Homeric way; Polyphemus is made a jolly one-eyed monster by Mr. Umberto Silvestri; the dubbing of a predominantly Italian cast into an English which none of them obviously speaks is distracting and deplorable; and the crowning infelicity occurs when Ulysses, returned home and recognised at last, is met with the enquiry:—"Where've you *bin*, Ulysses?" Where indeed!

It remains to say of "Ulysses" that its "original story" is duly credited to Homer, but that the authors



"MR. GABLE DOES HIS SMUGGLING WITH AN EXHILARATING APLOMB. MISS HAYWARD HAS GOOD LOOKS AND THE NECESSARY POISE FOR A PART WHICH DEMANDS THAT SHE SHOULD DO A GREAT DEAL WITHOUT TURNING A HAIR." CLARK GABLE AS HANK LEE AND SUSAN HAYWARD AS JANE HOYT IN "SOLDIER OF FORTUNE." (LONDON PREMIERE, JULY 21, CARLTON, HAYMARKET.)

inspector (Michael Rennie) to do so. Mr. Gable does his smuggling with an exhilarating aplomb. Miss Hayward has good looks and the necessary poise for a part which demands that she should do a great deal without turning a hair. She has, for example, to be kissed once and, as it were, inadvertently, by the smuggler; to tell him that he is a cad but to carry on and find her husband; to sit around in a sleazy Hong

Kong joint until she is told by the proprietor:—"Now run along, like the little lady you pretend to be!" Miss Hayward comports herself through these and many other such indignities with dignity and calm. The film begins with a breath-takingly beautiful view of Hong Kong from a high balcony with Mr. Gable in the middle of it. It ends exactly as it begins with the same wonderful view and remarkable viewer, except that Miss Hayward, who has just said Good-bye and Thank You, unexpectedly returns to declare, cryptically, that she has found out the difference between loving a man and being in love with him.

The brilliant director at work here is Mr. Edward Dmytryk. He has captured the surge and bizarreness of Hong Kong very much more successfully than all those other film-makers have captured what Andrew Lang called "the surge and thunder" of the Odyssey. Perhaps in my second fifty years I should learn a little Greek and try to capture it for myself. By dint of application I might, around ninety, really know my Homer and, incidentally, become a super-prig. The last word on the subject of translating the Greek was long ago said by Augustine Birrell:—"Homer's Homer is the best. But Pope's is the second best, and the others are a matter of controversy."



"THE FILM . . . IS ALL ABOUT MR. KIRK DOUGLAS, LOOKING HANDSOME IN A HAIRY WAY, WHO WANDERS ROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN AND KEEPS HIS WIFE PENELOPE WAITING TEN YEARS IN ITHACA." A SCENE FROM "ULYSSES," WHEN THE HERO AND HIS MEN ARE SETTING OFF FROM THE ISLAND OF THE CYCLOPS, POLYPHEMUS. (LONDON PREMIERE, JULY 14, MARBLE ARCH PAVILION.)

TWO NOTABLE ATHLETIC RECORDS, AN INVENTION, AND CURIOSITIES.



THE YOUNGEST PERSON TO SWIM THE CHANNEL: MISS MARILYN BELL, AGED SEVENTEEN, COMING ASHORE AT ABBOT'S CLIFF AT 8.29 P.M. ON JULY 31.

Miss Marilyn Bell, a seventeen-year-old Canadian schoolgirl from Toronto, on July 31 became the youngest person to swim the Channel. She left Cap Gris-Nez at 5.55 a.m. and took 14 hrs. 36 mins. to cross to Abbot's Cliff, near Dover. Last September she swam Lake Ontario, the only person to have done so.



AFTER SETTING UP A NEW WORLD RECORD IN THE THREE MILES: C. J. CHATAWAY (G.B.) RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS FROM W. KONRAD (GERMANY; L.); G. B. IBBOTSON (G.B.; R.).

On July 30 C. J. Chataway set up a new world record at the White City for the three miles of 13 mins. 23.2 secs., which beats Vladimir Kuts' previous record of 13 mins. 26.4 secs. G. B. Ibbotson was second in 13 mins. 42.2 secs., and the Germans, Schade and Konrad, were third and fourth.



THE RUSTICATION OF HELEN, A ZOO GIRAFFE: THE ANIMAL ON HER WAY TO WHIPSNADE IN A LOFTY CRATE MOUNTED ON A LORRY. SOME DIFFICULTY WAS ENCOUNTERED IN MAKING HER ENTER HER TRAVELLING CARRIAGE, BUT SHE WAS TEMPTED IN BY ATTRACTIVE GREEN FOOD.



NEW EQUIPMENT FOR B.P. AVIATION EMPLOYEES WHEN FUELLING AIRCRAFT AT NIGHT: A MINER'S TYPE HELMET WITH A LAMP ATTACHED, THE ELECTRIC POWER SUPPLIED BY A BATTERY IN THE OPERATOR'S CLOTHING. THIS LEAVES THE HANDS FREE TO MANIPULATE TOOLS.



THE RELUCTANT ANTEATERS OF BERLIN, CALLED IN TO RID A SITE OF ANTS, BUT UNINTERESTED IN THEIR NATURAL FOOD, AS, WHEN IN THE BERLIN ZOO, THEY ENJOY A MORE SUCCULENT DIET.



AN UNUSUAL PASSENGER IN AN AIR-FRANCE AIRCRAFT: A YOUNG STORK BEING RINGED AFTER HAVING BEEN BROUGHT FROM MOROCCO TO BE RELEASED IN SWITZERLAND.

Air-France has in the past been of assistance to birds in difficulty and has transported young swallows from Switzerland to Morocco. During the past twenty years, storks have disappeared from Switzerland; so an attempt to re-establish them is being made by bringing young birds from Algeria in Air-France aircraft.



THE LONDON ZOO'S FIRST WHITE RHINOCEROSSES (*DICEROS SIMUS*) NOW ON VIEW: ONE OF THE PAIR WHICH MR. JOHN SEAGO OBTAINED FOR THE SOCIETY FROM EAST AFRICA.

On a collecting trip in East Africa Mr. John Seago obtained for the London Zoological Society a pair of young so-called white rhinoceroses, the first examples of the species to be exhibited in Britain. A male and a female, these young creatures are at present about 3 ft. high and some 7 ft. long.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

MUCH ADO ABOUT SOMETHING.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IN beginning this article I am reminded of a night at the Haymarket Theatre ten years ago, and of an Oberon and a Puck as they stood together in "A Midsummer Night's Dream": Oberon very much the king of shadows, royal in speech but as grim a ruler as the fairy realm had known, and Puck, for all his grotesquerie, with a curiously modern manner that suggested he might put his girdle round about the earth by high-powered aircraft.

Neither John Gielgud nor Max Adrian seemed to me then to be at the top of their performance; Oberon, in particular, disappointed me after the Old Vic's quicksilver night in 1929. However, this is not a week for vanished regrets but for news of good cheer. Each of these artists has (in different ways) just added memorably to our experience.

Benedick in "Much Ado About Nothing" (Palace) is a part that Gielgud has annexed in the modern theatre. He and Peggy Ashcroft, the Beatrice, are an unexampled pair, fighting the merry war of Messina as it has not been fought in our time. "There was a star danced": under it this production was born. I have no doubt that the tales of it, in its various manifestations, at Stratford, at the Phoenix, and now at the Palace—where Stratford-upon-Avon's touring, or, let us say, European company, holds the theatre—will be handed down to our children's children.

But let us be accurate. The present revival at the Palace, for all the sovereign skill of Beatrice and Benedick—and it would be hard to fault them—is not, all round, the best we have had. In the admittedly definitive Gielgud production—decorated by Mariano Andreu—which has changed so little in essentials since 1949, I must always remember from 1952 Paul Scofield's poised Don Pedro and the gracious Leonato of Leon Quartermaine. They are not matched now at the Palace; and, happy as I am about George Devine's Dogberry—which does not force the dear man—and the shambling little Verges of David O'Brien, I must think wistfully of Roy Byford and that remarkable small-part Shakespearean, Kenneth Wicksteed, from a Stratford "Much Ado" of years past.

In those days, when Bridges-Adams was director, "Much Ado" belonged to Stratford. It was seen seldom in London, and then without causing much excitement. When Gielgud's revival (1949 and 1950

Benedick. Looking back, I find that in 1949 I was writing of his gay, natural, relaxed performance, and wondering only whether Benedick had been to the wars. In 1952 there was reference to his silken rhythm, the infallible



MAX ADRIAN HAS JOINED THE COMPANY OF "FROM HERE AND THERE," AND OUR THEATRE CRITIC SAYS: "OH! THE DIFFERENCE TO ME!" HE ADDS: "MR. ADRIAN TRANSFORMS SOME OF THE OLD MATERIAL, AND HE HAS ONE OR TWO EXCELLENT FRESH NUMBERS." ABOVE: A MONTAGE OF MR. ADRIAN AS HIMSELF AND AS SOME OF THE CHARACTERS HE PORTRAYED IN "AIRS ON A SHOESTRING."

sense of style, his treatment of the Church scene to avoid the laugh in the serious heart of the comedy of wit-cracking—the Merry War's grave interlude. To-day one can repeat and heighten the terms of praise, seek for epithets (as Granville-Barker did in discussing Cleopatra), and note that Benedick, when he reaches Messina with Don Pedro and the rest, is a soldier indeed, plausibly a man of "good service" in the wars. Gielgud can still be at times a knight of the rueful countenance; his eyes are not always Benedick's. Still, that does not worry us when we hear the language touched to so much beauty, and when the performance, in recollection, has the light and gaiety of a June morning.

He has the perfect companion in Peggy Ashcroft (whose Titania was the glory of that Haymarket "Dream" ten years ago). I have known the part to be ruined by actresses who have learned the text first and "put in the expression" afterwards. These Beatrices have moved about Messina acting so hard that we have been conscious only of the period airs with none of the graces. The three graces of Beatrice are wit, gaiety, and (most important) repose. You cannot fidget your way through the Merry War. Peggy Ashcroft was born under a dancing star, but it is her mind that dances. The partnership of Benedick and Beatrice in this revival does honour to English high comedy.

The partnership wavered for only a moment at the premiere. "Kill Claudio!" was the trouble. For once the house laughed at this key-phrase; but, though Miss Ashcroft may have been a shade too quick, the laughter, halted almost at birth, came principally from newcomers in the audience. (The old argument: Benedick

and Beatrice, having once been labelled "Comedy," must remain in that pigeon-hole throughout.) The principals aside, there are some good, serviceable performances by Judith Stott, Moira Lister, Anthony Nicholls, Helen Cherry, and the rest. Anthony Ireland's efficient Don Pedro does not stand out with the almost stereoscopic effect of Paul Scofield's; but, as I have said, one should not grumble about the general effect of a revival that is now set firmly in the records. It is also set in Mariano Andreu's chameleon-sets, the statued garden (less fussy than it seemed to us first in 1949) and the surprising simplicity and beauty of the church.

Over to the Royal Court Theatre. Max Adrian, through the years, has become our most expert revue comedian. He has the protean quality; and he can also—a hint of Puck, no doubt—work magically upon the least expected material. There is something agreeably metallic about Max Adrian. He seldom lets a sentence drift or fade. Rather, he shoots the lock, twists the key. Everything is "brief, short, quick, snap." It is the true technique for intimate revue. He has, too, a personality that fixes attention. In a small theatre his eyes can hold us like a pair of searchlights.

Laurier Lister has now brought him to the Royal Court to be the salvation of "From Here and There," the revue that walked a knife-edge on its first night and appeared to be swaying to the wrong side. I said at the time: "I would not be human if I did not long for five minutes of Max Adrian and his corrosive wit. Sloane Square mourns his absence and his certain joy." Now here he is, and oh! the difference to me! For that matter, to everything in the evening: it pounces where once it fumbled, clicks where once it slithered. There has been some sharp cutting (though that fine comedienne, Betty Marsden, Max Adrian's counterpart, ought to sacrifice "Dear Little Pal" as soon as possible; it is embarrassing). Mr. Adrian transforms some of the old material, and he has one or two excellent fresh numbers—as, for example, a double-bass player with a wild gleam in the eye, and a dramatic critic with horns and a swishing red tail. This cannot hope to be an "Airs on a Shoestring," but it is very much better than it was ("Old School Tie" defeats even Mr. Adrian; one cannot have everything). Laurier Lister has included "A girl ought to look like a girl" from "The Burning Boat," and I notice that the



"PEGGY ASHCROFT WAS BORN UNDER A DANCING STAR, BUT IT IS HER MIND THAT DANCES"; PEGGY ASHCROFT AS BEATRICE IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

at Stratford) reached the Phoenix in 1952, the West End received it with surprised pleasure and found itself asking, as if the problem were new, whether Benedick and Beatrice would avoid the laugh on "Kill Claudio!" This was an astonishing production; it would have gone straight to the top even if London had been used to yearly revivals of the comedy. As it was, it stood out like Ben Loyal seen over the bare country of Sutherland.

The latest version of the revival does show how time has enriched Sir John Gielgud's own



"BENEDICK IN 'MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING' IS A PART THAT GIELGUD HAS ANNEXED IN THE MODERN THEATRE. HE AND PEGGY ASHCROFT, THE BEATRICE, ARE AN UNEXAMPLED PAIR, FIGHTING THE MERRY WAR OF MESSINA AS IT HAS NOT BEEN FOUGHT IN OUR TIME." JOHN GIELGUD AS BENEDICK.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"HOME AND AWAY" (Garrick).—Edward Chapman and Derek Blomfield are first-rate actors in the cast of a poor farcical comedy (about football pools). No play can succeed on noise alone, and we weary of the bickering. (July 19.)

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING" (Palace).—Here is the courtly comedy in the full sunlight of Messina. It is beautifully acted by Peggy Ashcroft and John Gielgud, and presented in Gielgud's production from the Stratford of 1949, mellowed now with the years. The agreeable cast is the company from Stratford-upon-Avon that has been appearing at the Continental Festivals and will be returning to Europe after the London season. (July 21.)

"FROM HERE AND THERE" (Royal Court).—Max Adrian brings to the second edition of this revue the snap and glitter it needed. It is now very much better. Laurier Lister has been cutting firmly, and only a few numbers remain to be sacrificed. For the rest, we can hope that the Court Theatre has found itself again and that the "Airs on a Shoestring" public will gather. (July 25.)

two grasping landladies ("I've let my chimney to an American") have been moved up to Eaton Square and Pont Street.

"Home and Away" (Garrick) is a domestic comedy that turns into a series of brawls. It is about the pools and the presumed winner of the "treble chance," and one soon tires of the topic. This is, I fear, noisy and tedious, and one has to say of it, in Dogberry's phrase, "I humbly give you leave to depart."



(ABOVE.) PRESERVING FISH ALIVE INSIDE A BLOCK OF ICE. THE LIVE FISH HAS BEEN ANÆSTHETISED WITH AN INJECTION AND IS HERE BEING PUT INTO WATER AT A TEMPERATURE OF ABOUT 44 TO 46 DEGS. FAHR.

THE photographs reproduced on this page were taken during the course of experiments carried out by Mr. Arne Jøker, of Esbjerg, Denmark, in rooms placed at his disposal by Mr. Møller, the manager of a Danish firm called Cold Stores. All exporters of fish have explored the possibilities of transporting fish alive to preserve their freshness for market; but to do this in tanks has proved expensive, since the tanks need oxygenating and regular attendance. Mr. Jøker conceived the idea of shipping fish in blocks of ice, as though they were hibernating, and it is his attempt to prove this point that we illustrate. Somewhat after the fashion of James Watt—who is supposed to have based his discoveries on idly watching his mother's kettle on the hob—Mr. Jøker noticed that goldfish in his mother's garden pool survived being apparently frozen solid during the winter; and it is on this observation that he based his experiments; which have now reached a reasonable degree of success. Briefly, the process is as follows: a live cod is anæsthetised with an injection of "Uhrtan" and "Evipan," which takes effect in 30 to 40 seconds. The completely anæsthetised fish is then put into water at a temperature of between 44 and 46 degs. Fahr. and the water is gradually frozen until the ice

[Continued above, right.]



(ABOVE.) FROZEN BUT ALIVE: HERE THE COD IS SEEN IN THE BLOCK OF ICE, COMPLETELY TORPID AND APPARENTLY DEAD, BUT STILL CAPABLE OF BEING REVIVED. COD HAVE BEEN KEPT IN THIS CONDITION SUCCESSFULLY FOR AS LONG AS TWENTY-NINE DAYS.



[Continued.] sealed-in fish freezes solid, since once ice particles invade the muscles of the fish it has no chance of survival. This means that the critical range of temperature for the ice-block is small; and it would appear that the commercial difficulties of the technique lie in the steady maintenance of this critical temperature. But this should not lie outside the bounds of possibility; and the time may yet come when cod, caught in the Arctic, are handed alive to chefs in Cairo; and gourmets in the tropics may enjoy sea-fresh fish from the Polar seas.

(LEFT.) THE BLOCK OF ICE CONTAINING THE FISH HAS BEEN PUT IN WATER AT ABOUT 53 DEGS. FAHR.; AND AS IT SLOWLY THAWS, THE FISH'S ORGANS BEGIN TO WORK AGAIN AND BEFORE LONG THE FISH HAS RETURNED COMPLETELY TO NORMAL LIFE.

ALIVE IN A BLOCK OF ICE FOR 29 DAYS: A NEW TECHNIQUE FOR TRANSPORTING FISH.

[Continued.] closes round the body of the fish, which is now to all appearances dead. To bring the fish back to life the block of ice is placed in water at a temperature no more than 53½ degs. Fahr., and as the block thaws, so the organs of the fish begin to work again and the fish soon returns to life. Using this method, fish have thus been successfully immobilised and brought to life again twenty-nine days later. There is still, however—at the date these photographs were taken—a loss of about 38 per cent. For commercial purposes this is too heavy, but if the technique can be improved and the percentage of loss reduced to a smaller figure, it is thought that there may be a commercial future for the process and that it might be adopted for Danish refrigerator ships. The principal difficulty results from the fact that if fish are frozen solid, they can not be revived. However, it appears that they do remain unfrozen at temperatures slightly below the freezing point of the water around them, and in that condition they remain torpid. In other words, therefore, the block of ice containing the fish must remain sufficiently cold to stay frozen, but must not grow so cold that the

[Continued below.]

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THE unremitting flow of modern fiction creates an almost insoluble problem of what to read. Merit is no longer a clue; it is too prevalent, and (from the outside) featureless. But there are always a few easy choices—those that excite one's interest before the fact. No one could help being curious about "Bonjour Tristesse," by Françoise Sagan (John Murray; 7s. 6d.). It is nothing to have won a literary prize; but to have won it at nineteen, with a "mature," and even slightly decadent best-seller, is an achievement worth looking into.

What strikes one first is the rather parading sophistication. The heroine is seventeen; and for the last two years she has been living as the boon companion of her father, a charming, dissipated, irresponsible widower. They have the same circle of friends, drive home from rowdy parties in the dawn, and sit up "late into the night" discussing the complications of love. Though in his view there aren't any; love is, or should be, simply one affair after another. Cécile has nothing to object; and at the beginning of this fatal holiday there is not a cloud in the sky. And then Anne Larsen makes her appearance. She was the mother's friend; she is fastidious and grave, and the young girl admires her passionately. However, she is not wanted at present; she will despise the current *amie*, and expect Cécile to work for her *baccalauréat* instead of kissing in the sunshine. But the event is much more drastic than that. The father not only discards his mistress—who is peeling—but decides to reform; henceforth he will be a respectable, civilised and happy husband. Cécile has not a doubt of it, and in spurts she is all for it. Moulded by Anne, they will be infinitely superior. . . . Then in another mood she jibs at this superiority, resents being moulded, and lays a plot to separate them. And when it works beyond repair, she is committed to a lifetime of frivolity, gnawed by regrets.

Although the young always think highly of it, sophistication can be readily mugged up. It is much harder to work out a story in detail—even a long-short story. This one betrays the prentice hand; for its mechanics are naïve, and the tragic outcome is a cliché. But the manner does a lot to carry it off; it has remarkable finish and assurance. Nothing, however, can disguise the fact that Anne is a stick—or that the minor characters are straws, or that Cécile engrosses all the subtlety. In short, the author is less precocious than might appear; but she is very talented and receptive.

OTHER FICTION.

A new line in American sophistication is the domestic hearth—or, Family happiness on a good income. Its couples are youngish or middle-aged; they have no money troubles, their children give no anxiety, and if they feel like straying, it passes off. In other words, nothing particular can happen. And the game is to transform this dramatic void into a feast of wit and sympathy. It is a very nice game indeed; and it has now produced "The Cheerful Captive," by Louise Field Cooper (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.)—in which events are so nearly non-existent that the jacket has been puzzled to sum it up. Hennie and Laurence, her banker-husband, are, as usual, fortyish, and charmingly well-off. Here is a weekday glimpse of "Mrs. Stacpole"—

In her thin, hard, pink tweed from Princes Street, slipping and sliding over silk from France, in shoes from Florence and stockings from Wilmington, Delaware . . . she had left her house, stuffing the long, curled list into her London handbag and announcing to an empty hall, "Off to the A and P!"—

And this prosperity has no flaw. The Stacpoles are a happy couple. They have two children—a schoolboy son and a daughter newly grown-up—both perfectly satisfactory. And Hennie is not only rich and smart, but innocent and blithe: to such a point, that she experiences the onset of middle age merely as an uncontrollable attack of high spirits. It starts quite suddenly—when she is closing up the summer cottage, and hurls the maid's alarm-clock against a tree. And after that there is no holding her. She becomes convinced that she could fly—that she could stretch out an arm twenty yards long—that it is imperative to lead a double life. The question is, what kind of life? She makes a few boss shots, rather perturbs Laurence by her gaiety, and thoroughly upsets both the children, who complain that "Mummy is never tired." The boy even decides that he can't stand it. . . . Then in a flash it has passed over. A bit of plot might help, but it is a delightful book all the same.

"Then A Soldier," by Geoffrey Cotterell (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 7s. 6d.), was published in 1944. This is a cheap, revised edition—coming when war books have abounded, and the war itself is played out. There could hardly be a stricter test of durability, and yet I don't believe this novel is a penny the worse. Its interest is still green—though it has not a trace of structure, nor a speck of action till the last moment.

Of course, it can be very funny indeed. But the amusement is secondary; the real preservative is one's conviction of truth. There is a whole crowd of incidents and figures, each, one can see, the thing itself. Yet it is not a "photographic" novel; it is not exactly a documentary. That would omit the point of view, which colours everything, and has such a heart-warming effect. These men look stupid; and yet if they were all philosophers, it would come to much the same thing. Moreover, they are going to win the war—when it has caught up with them.

"Royal Bed for a Corpse," by Max Murray (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), features a stately home, exhibited on Wednesdays by Uncle Charles—Lord Fairheart in person. Then, one outrageous day, he finds a "dead feller" on the Queen's Bed. . . . This comic-opera début quickly gives place to high-souled melodrama. For the dead man is Peter Carver; Margaret, his wife, is staying with nephew Brian at the lodge; and their acquaintance began in Moscow. Brian, of course, was on a secret mission. But he will certainly be disowned; he will be thought a murdering traitor, who ran away with his friend's wife. . . . Plenty of action, and of the usual muddle between spies and counter-spies. But not, I think, really well-judged.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE U.S. team visiting Moscow were beaten by the crushing score of twenty-five games to seven. No surprise to those familiar with the determination with which, for a decade each side of the war, the U.S.S.R. has been fashioning its team into a chess steamroller.

Intensive coaching from early school age, enlistment of the State's leading dieticians, psychiatrists and physical and mental training consultants and, above all, the most intense competition and ruthless elimination of players as second-best who would probably win the championship of any other European nation with ease—this process has created men of granite.

D. Byrne, a young American, did well as a member of the U.S. team at Helsinki three years ago. So Evfim Geller, who opposed him in this match, undoubtedly had the benefit of several months' analytical dissection of Byrne's games and style—not by Geller himself but by a whole squad of experts on the State pay-roll. Naturally, the American team had no State assistance whatever.

Geller scored three wins to one. In this one game, native intuition and resourcefulness prevailed over State planning:

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

White	Black	White	Black
GELLER	BYRNE	GELLER	BYRNE
1. P-K4	P-QB4	6. B-K3	Kt-B3
2. Kt-KB3	P-Q3	7. P-B3	B-Kt2
3. P-Q4	P×P	8. Q-Q2	O-O
4. Kt×P	Kt-KB3	9. Castles	B-K3
5. Kt-QB3	P-KKt3		
This is usually preceded by . . . Kt×Kt, opening the file for a subsequent . . . R-QB1 and avoiding the possibility of Kt×B by White, which might seem to weaken Black's pawns.			
10. K-Kt1	R-B1	14. B-K2	Kt-Q2
11. P-KKt4	Q-R4	15. B-Q4	Kt-K4
12. Kt×B	P×Kt	16. P-B4	Kt(Q1)-B3!
13. B-QB4	Kt-Q1	17. B×Kt	

Byrne is playing finely, but with this move, he might appear to be out-combined. 17. P×Kt, Kt×B; 18. Q×Kt, B×P followed, according to White's reply, by . . . R×Kt or . . . B×Kt, would give Black a fine attack. This, on the other hand, initiates an original combination designed to leave Black's KB imprisoned by his own pawns.

18. P-B5 Kt-Q5 20. KR-B1 R-KB5
19. P×KtP P×P 21. P-Kt5!

Leaving Black virtually a bishop down, for his KB is a nonentity for the rest of the game.

22. B-Q3 21. P-Kt4 23. Q-Kt2 P-Kt5
 QR-B1 24. Kt-K2 Q-B4

The situation is almost unbearably complex. According to Leonard Barden, British co-champion, who devoted a week's study to it, 24. . . . Kt-Kt4! was a better way of offering the exchange. Black threatens . . . Kt-B6ch and if 25. B×Kt, there comes 25. . . . Q×B; 26. Kt×R, P×Kt threatening 27. . . . Q-K4.

Meanwhile, if 24. . . . Kt×Kt, then 25. Q×Kt, Q-Kt3; 26. B-B4, R-B7; 27. Q-Q3! threatening 28. Q-Q7 is very good for White.

25. Q-R3? A blunder which costs him a piece. But 25. Kt×R, P×Kt, would revive Black's bishop and leave a threat of 26. . . . Q-K4 followed by 27. . . . Kt-K7. 25. . . . R-B6 30. K×R Kt×Ktch
26. R×R R×R 31. Q×Kt P×P
27. Q-Kt4 R×B! 32. Q-Kt2 P×Pch
28. R-QB1 R-Q8! 33. K×P Q-Kt5ch
29. P-B3 R×Rch 34. K-B2 P-R4

Geller has succeeded in ensuring that the bishop Black is "up" is almost useless. White can, however, make play with his QRP, which earns him a win he could never hope to achieve without it.

35. Q-Kt4 Q-B4ch 39. K-B2 Q-B7ch
36. K-Kt3 Q-Kt3ch 40. K-Q3 Q×QRP
37. K-B3 P-R5 41. P-R5 Q-Kt6ch
38. P-R4 Q-Q5ch 42. K-Q2 P×P

Here the game was adjourned but White resigned without resuming.

ISLES OF GREECE; AUSTRIA; THE ARCTIC; AND A BIOGRAPHY.

TRAVEL conditions have altered since Odysseus set out to cross the Aegean from Troy to Ithaca, and took, if my memory serves, ten years about it. But it is still possible to wander all over the Mediterranean and to find, as Odysseus found, Circes, sirens and lotus-eaters, as well as enchanted islands and the marble ruins of the glory that was Greece. Mr. Louis Golding tells us that he was a very small boy when he first became aware of Odysseus and his voyages, and about twenty years old when he set out on the first of his own journeys to the Homeric lands—but that was to Salonika in 1916. Thereafter Mr. Golding comfortably defeated his hero's hitherto unassailable record by failing to reach Ithaca until 1953. But how well worthwhile it has been for him to have kept his purpose so tenaciously for half a lifetime! It must, I think, be counted as gain rather than loss, for now that Mr. Golding has at last given us his

"Goodbye to Ithaca" (Hutchinson; 21s.) he has been able to bring to it a mellow discernment, and a tranquil, reflective appreciation, together with an experience of men and of things, that one can only expect to find in a writer at the height of his powers. Mr. Golding has not merely undertaken a voyage of scholarly reconstruction. (There is not very much left to say about the persons and places of the Homeric sagas—though I was fascinated to learn that they do, in fact, drink lotus-wine in Djerba, the traditional island of the lotus-eaters.) He tells of the people whom he met on his travels, the Italians, Greeks, Turks, and Levantine island dwellers who contributed directly or indirectly to his quest. When at last he reached Ithaca, it was no disappointment, but a fitting crown to the whole long series of adventures. It was only a few months before these islands were almost destroyed by a devastating earthquake, but Mr. Golding had found and recognised "that other Ithaca . . . immune from earthquake or tidal wave or pestilence; it will endure so long as there is poetry on this planet." Capri, which the author explored with Norman Douglas, is one of the islands of the Sirens; another had just been bought by the great ballet-dancer Massine. "If Massine danced on his new island . . . (I thought), it would be a notable expedition. The Sirens did not sing and Massine did not dance, though, sure enough, there was a flowery meadow large enough for both on the Gallo Lungo. But the water chuckled from our oars in hexameters. A kestrel flew over the first island and the second. The odours of rock-vine and myrtle puffed hot and dry from between the boulders. Douglas suspended his wry and learned exegesis. 'Siren' did not relate itself any more to *Sirius*, star of the dog days, the days when becalmed sailors become mad and hear the songs of maidens who are not maidens but keel-disembowelling rocks; nor to *Syrinx*, the pipe of the winds in the rigging, which to sailors is enchantment and brings them death at last on desolate shores. 'Siren' was exactly, literally, a singing maiden who at any moment might raise herself from among those tall stalks of asphodel, and, resting her body on her hands, sing the rest of that ditty on which Homer recorded too few verses." Such is the quality of this book—a brilliant, evocative study by a distinguished pilgrim to the past.

Mr. Golding, of course, is already a master of several other branches of literature besides the novel, so that his new book is not a venture into uncharted seas. Miss Ann Bridge, however, is a novelist *par excellence* who has now made a successful entry into biography with "Portrait of My Mother" (Chatto and Windus; 15s.). Her mother, Miss Marie Day, was born an American citizen, old enough to remember the Civil War. She married an Englishman, and "her life in England undoubtedly seemed both strange and lonely to her at first. One of her minor difficulties was such a simple thing as to get water to drink when she was entertained at dinners as a bride; she was not accustomed to wine, and never liked it. But drinking-water was practically unknown as a beverage in my Father's circles; there were not even tumblers to drink it from!—she had to drink it from a wineglass, and see her husband frown at her fussiness." In the end, I hope, young Mrs. Sanders got her tumblers (I wonder, by the way, how these hydrophobic mid-Victorians contrived to drink whisky-and-soda?), because her husband's income was "seldom less than £80,000 a year," with income-tax at under a shilling in the pound! They were spacious days, and Miss Bridge does ample justice to them as a setting for her singularly delightful mother.

Places, as well as periods, have their customs in the matter of food and drink, and it is one of the merits of Mr. G. E. R. Gedy's "Introducing Austria" (Methuen; 18s.) that he pays useful attention to these important topics. Like so many local wines, those of Austria do not travel well, and in this country we are not generally familiar with them. No traveller to Austria who respects his palate should leave Mr. Gedy's book behind. It contains advice and information on many other aspects of Austrian life and history, but it is by no means a Baedeker.

The author's personal reminiscences, and the little anecdotes which are to be found in every chapter, make a living whole out of a book which, in less skilful hands, might have been far less entertaining. It contains some of the best stories about the Emperor Franz Josef that I have ever read, including one of the efforts of his mistress, Frau Katharina Schratt, to make the aged monarch realise that war had broken out in 1914. "When, after several vain attempts, she at last managed to make that fact penetrate to the weary brain, the only comment of Francis Joseph, still living in the 1860's, was a gruff 'Was? Schon wieder der verdamnte Preuss?'" ("What? Those damned Prussians again?"). The publishers are much to be congratulated on this excellent series, and Mr. Gedy's book makes a first-class companion volume to Mr. Cedric Salter's "Spain" and Mr. Lovett Edwards's "Yugoslavia."

I confess that I am not personally much enamoured of books about the frozen wastes, unless they introduce plenty of penguins—a creature for which one cannot but feel affection tempered by respect. Although Peter Freuchen's "Ice Floes and Flaming Water" (Gollancz; 15s.) contains, by this individualistic standard, a deplorable paucity of penguins, it is a well-told adventure story which will be enjoyed by readers of all ages and tastes.

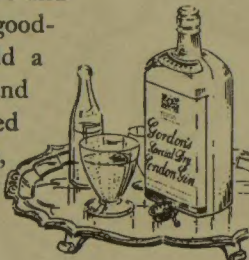
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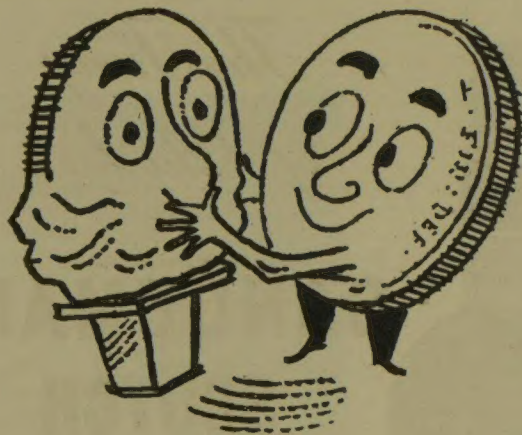
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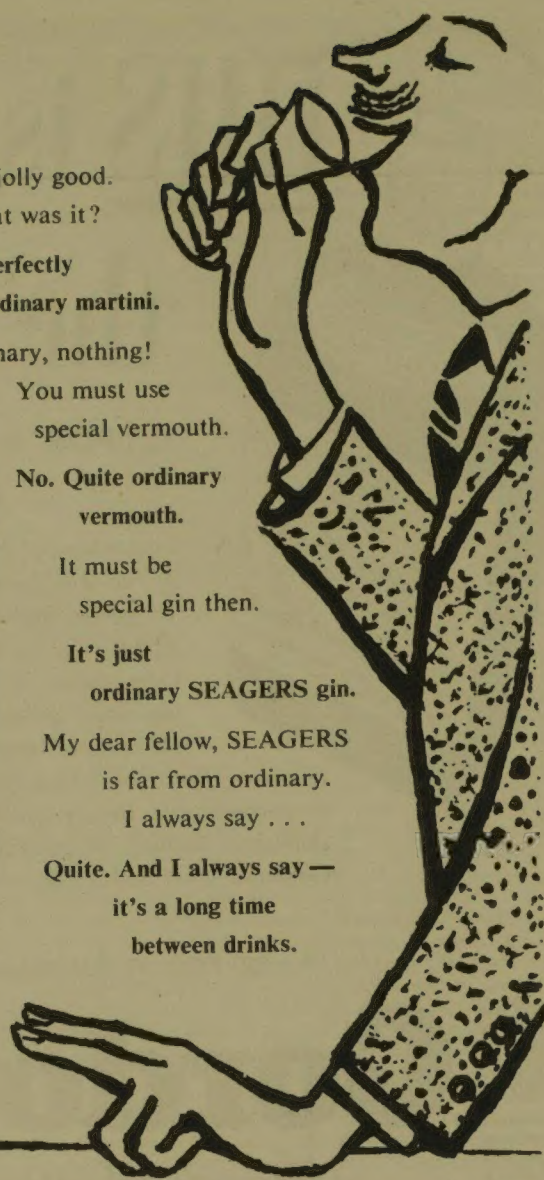
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EAGLES THROUGH THE AGES

THE arms illustrated are those of Sydney Earl of Godolphin, third son of Sir Francis Godolphin descended from an ancient family of that name that settled at Godolphin in Cornwall.

Born in 1645 and placed in the house of King Charles II at an early age, he became a Page of Honour at 17, Groom of the Bedchamber at 27, and Master of the Robes six years later. Besides this, he sat in Parliament for Helston from 1668-1679 and for St. Mawes from 1679-1681.

He took part in the 1678 Nimeguen Peace negotiations in Holland and a year later was made a Lord of the Treasury.

In James II's reign, Lord Godolphin sided with Sunderland against the King, but remained in the King's service first as Secretary of State and later as Keeper of

Cranborne Chase in Windsor Great Park, until William III's accession in 1689. He was then re-appointed a Treasury Commissioner, being head of the commission from 1690-1696.

With the accession of Queen Anne, he became Lord High Treasurer and headed the Government for the next eight years, being active in promoting Union with Scotland. In 1706, he was appointed a member of the commission for settling the terms of the Union.

His only son Francis married Henrietta Churchill daughter of the first Duke of Marlborough in 1698.

The Blazon of his Arms is 'Gules a Double headed Eagle displayed between three Fleur-de-Lis Argent' and for a crest 'On a wreath of the colours a Dolphin Sable'. The supporters of his arms were two Eagles Reguardant Argent, and the motto 'FRANC HA LEAL ETO GE' which is the Cornish for 'Free and Loyal art thou'.



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